

# Hopkinsville Kentuckian.

VOL. XXX.

HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1908.

No. 157.

## Cloaks and Overcoats Cut Very Low.

The cold spell predicted by the weather man is coming—but it gets here too late to save the profit on Ladies' Cloaks and Men's Overcoats.

We're loaded down with them—and if price will move them they will go out quickly.

### To-day

#### And For 10 Days

we offer unrestricted choice of the entire stock as follows:

#### CLOAKS.

All \$20.00 and \$25.00 Cloaks at.....	\$15.00
" 17.50 Cloaks at.....	12.50
" 15.00 " ".....	11.00
" 12.50 " ".....	9.00
" 10.00 " ".....	7.50
" 7.50 " ".....	5.65

1-4 Off All Children's Cloaks.

#### OVERCOATS.

All \$30.00 Overcoats at.....	\$22.50
" 25.00 " ".....	18.75
" 22.50 " ".....	16.88
" 20.00 " ".....	15.00
" 17.50 " ".....	13.12
" 15.00 " ".....	11.25
" 12.50 " ".....	9.38
" 10.00 " ".....	7.50

1-4 Off All Boys' Overcoats.

## J.H. Anderson & Co

Had Reached Her Limit.  
"Mamma," exclaimed four-year-old Dorothy one day, "I'm so full of happiness that I couldn't be happier unless I was bigger."

Insure with Higgins & Son, they pay losses quick.

One Use for Fire Department.  
When a heavy fall of snow occurs in Valdez, Alaska, the fire department is called out to clear the sidewalks.

FOR RENT—Cottage of five rooms, near business section. Inquire at this office.

## COUNCIL MEETS FRIDAY NIGHT

In The Most Important Session Of The New Year.

#### MAYOR'S MESSAGE.

Reports Of The Various Officers For The Year To Be Read.

The first meeting of the Council for the new year will be held tomorrow night and it is expected to be a very important meeting.

The annual reports of the heads of departments will be submitted and the annual message of the Mayor will be read, reviewing the work of the past year and making suggestions for the coming year.

## Ferndell OATS

Are the Best On Earth.

Try them once and you will never use any other Brand.

W. T. Cooper & Co., Wholesale and Retail Grocers.

## LAST CHANCE FOR LEAP YEAR

More Weddings In The Closing Days Of 1908.

#### DECEMBER BRIDES.

Several Holiday Honeymoons Launched By Happily Mated Couples.

#### BUTLER—ADCOCK.

John A. Butler and Miss Edna R. Adcock were married Tuesday night at the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. Susan Cravens, No. 103 Twelfth avenue, west. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. T. Miller, in the presence of a few friends and relatives of the young people.

The bride is a daughter of Mr. J. C. Adcock, a well known farmer of the Church Hill neighborhood, and is very popular with her host of acquaintances.

Mr. Butler is a son of Mr. T. B. Butler, of Church Hill, and is a prosperous young farmer.

After the ceremony the bridal party repaired to the home of Mr. Sam J. Adcock, brother of the bride, where an elegant supper was served.

Mr. and Mrs. Butler spent Tuesday night in the city and on yesterday drove to the home of the bride's parents, where they will reside for the present.

#### SWANN—LAYSON.

Rev. G. B. Swann and Miss Abilene Layson, both of this city, were married at Curdsville, Ky., last night.

The groom is a student at McLean college and has been studying for the ministry.

His bride has been chaperon at the college for some time, but her home was in Curdsville. The license was issued Dec. 24, but the matter was kept so quiet that but few knew of the intentions of the young people.

The couple will return here in a day or so, where the groom will continue his studies.

#### YOUNG—MAJOR

Harry M. Young, a popular young farmer of near Bennetts town, and Miss Annie Louise Major, daughter of Esq. Thos. H. Major, of Beverly, were united in marriage last night. The wedding occurred at the home of the bride's parents and was a very quiet affair, only a few of the most intimate friends and relatives of the couple being present on the occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. Young are very popular in South Christian social circles. They will reside near Bennetts town.

#### STEGALL—KENNEDY.

A marriage license was issued Tuesday to Wm. E. Stegall and Miss Willie Kennedy.

#### TABERNACLE

Course Attraction No. 4, Monday Night, Jan. 11.

Attraction No. 4 at the Tabernacle will be a lecture by Dr. John Merritte Driver, formerly pastor of People's church, Chicago. Dr. Driver studied in Boston, Leipzig and under the very shadow of the Vatican of Rome, and has visited many strange and interesting lands; hence he is entitled to the name of World-Citizen, and can interest and instruct any audience.

We represent none but the best Insurance companies. Quick settlement, our motto.

HIGGINS & SON.

## Bargains in Rugs!

\$12 Rugs \$10
\$15 Rugs \$12.50
\$16.50 Rugs \$15
\$20 Rugs \$18
\$25 Rugs \$22.50
\$27.50 Rugs \$25
\$30 Rugs \$27.50
\$40 Rugs \$37.50

Cut prices on all carpets in stock

## T. M. Jones

E. B. LONG, President. W. T. TANDY, Cashier.

## CITY BANK

Capital, \$60,000.00  
Surplus, \$75,000.00

This Bank ranks among the first in the state of Kentucky in proportion of surplus to capital.

In Surplus there is Strength.

We invite your account as a safe depository for your funds. Deposit your valuable papers in our vault—safe from fire and burglars.

3 PER CENT. INTEREST ON TIME DEPOSITS

## BANK OF HOPKINSVILLE

CAPITAL . . . . \$100,000.00.  
SURPLUS . . . . 35,000.00.

With the largest combined capital and surplus of any bank in Christian county, supplied with modern burglar proof safe and vault, we are prepared to offer our depositors every protection for their money.

3 per cent Interest on Time Certificates of Deposit.

HENRY C. CANT, President. J. E. McPHERSON, Cashier.  
H. L. McPHERSON, Assistant Cashier.

## FIRST NATIONAL BANK

HOPKINSVILLE - KENTUCKY.

UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY

Only National Bank in This Community.

Capital . . . . . \$75,000.00  
Surplus . . . . . 25,000.00  
Stockholders' Liability . . . . . 75,000.00

HAS A REGULAR SAVINGS DEPARTMENT  
Three Per Cent Interest Paid on Savings and Time Deposits

J. F. GARNETT, Pres. JNO. B. PRICE, Cashier.  
T. J. McREYNOLDS, V. P. F. W. DABNEY, V. P.

## PLANTERS BANK & TRUST CO.

CAPITAL . . . . . \$100,000.00.  
SURPLUS AND PROFITS \$18,000.00.

Thoroughly equipped for Banking and Trustee Business. Open an account and let us show you. Loans and Investments made. Acts as Adm'r. Extr. Trustee, Guardian, Agent, Receiver, etc. Buys and sells Real Estate, and Manages Property. Safe Fire and Burglar proof vaults.

3 Per Cent. Interest on Time Certificates.

## St. Clair Malleable Ranges

In presenting our Malleable St. Clair Ranges we take great pride in announcing that we have the best Range ever produced and we are fully aware that our success in the stove business depends largely upon the quality of our stoves, and to introduce them more fully, we will give

**Absolutely Free** From now until Jan. 15th, '09, with each St. Clair Malleable Range 15 pieces of enamel ware, the very best that money can buy.

## Heaters HEATERS Heaters

We will discount any air tight heater in our store 10 per cent. from now until Jan. 15th, '09.

These Heaters are the latest improved and best makes---Guaranteed to work well.

## F. A. YOST COMPANY.

INCORPORATED.



## The Mystery of The Yellow Room

By GASTON LEROUX

Copyright, 1908, by Brentano's

Stand aside, Messrs. Sherlock Holmes, Martin Hewitt, Dupin, Lecog, Vidocq, and all the crew of famous detectives of fiction and history! For Joseph Rouletabille, repo., detective, superior to you all in the faculties of observing everything, remembering everything, deducing all the facts that throw light on his cases. Before Rouletabille [pronounced Rule-ta-bee] solved the Mystery of the Yellow Room he was known to the Paris police as a marvel of reasoning power, although he was only a boy in years. With the solution of the famous Stangerson enigma he became a national figure in the literature of France. As such we introduce him to our readers.

[CONTINUED.]

Rouletabille entered into explanations for which there was no need as to why he had been led to believe that a robbery had been committed, which included the simultaneous discovery he had made in the laboratory and the empty precious cabinet in the laboratory.

The first thing that had struck him, he said, was the unusual form of that piece of furniture. It was very strongly built of fire proof iron, clearly showing that it was intended for the keeping of most valuable objects. Then he noticed that the key had been left in the lock. "One does not ordinarily have a safe and leave it open," he had said to himself.

This little key, with its brass head and complicated wards, had strongly attracted him—its presence had suggested robbery.

"You will do well, M. de Marquet, to ask M. Stangerson who usually kept that key," said Rouletabille.

"My daughter," replied M. Stangerson. "She was never without it."

"Ah, then that changes the aspect of things which no longer corresponds with M. Rouletabille's ideas!" cried M. de Marquet. "If that key never left Mlle. Stangerson the murderer must have waited for her in her room for the purpose of stealing it, and the robbery could not have been committed until after the attack had been made on her. But after the attack four persons were in the laboratory! I can't make it out!"

"The robbery," said the reporter, "could only have been committed before the attack upon Mlle. Stangerson in her room. When the murderer entered the pavilion he already possessed the brass headed key."

"That is impossible," said M. Stangerson in a low voice.

"It is quite possible, monsieur, as this proves."

And the young man drew a copy of the Epoque from his pocket dated the 21st of October (I recall the fact that the crime was committed on the night between the 24th and 25th) and, showing us an advertisement, he read:

"Yesterday a black satin reticule was lost in the Louvre department store. It contained, among other things, a small key with a brass head. A handsome reward will be given to the person who has found it. This person must write, poste restante, bureau 40, to this address: M. A. T. H. S. N. Do not these letters suggest Mlle. Stangerson?" continued the reporter.

This conversation between magistrates, accused, victim, witnesses and journalist was coming to a close when quite a theatrical sensation—an incident of a kind displeasing to M. de Marquet—was produced. The officer of the gendarmes came to announce that Frederic Larsan requested to be admitted—a request that was at once complied with. He held in his hand a heavy pair of muddy boots, which he threw on the pavement of the laboratory.

"Here," he said, "are the boots worn by the murderer. Do you recognize them, Daddy Jacques?"

Daddy Jacques bent over them and, stupefied, recognized a pair of old boots which he had some time back thrown into a corner of his attic. He was so taken aback that he could not hide his agitation.

Then, pointing to the handkerchief in the old man's hand, Frederic Larsan said:

"That's a handkerchief astonishingly like the one that was found in the yellow room."

"I know," said Daddy Jacques, trembling, "they are almost alike."

"And then," continued Frederic Larsan, "the old Basque cap also found in the yellow room might at one time have been worn by Daddy Jacques himself. All this, gentlemen, proves, I think, that the murderer wished to disguise his real personality. He did it in a very clumsy way, or, at least, so it appears to us. Don't be alarmed, Daddy Jacques. We are quite sure that you were not the murderer. You never left the side of M. Stangerson. But if M. Stangerson had not been

porter. "The key with a brass head," is not this the key? This advertisement interested me specially; the woman of the key surrounded it with a kind of mystery. Evidently she valued the key since she promised a big reward for its restoration. And I thought on these six letters: M. A. T. H. S. N. The first four at once pointed to a Christian name, evidently, I said, Math is Mathilde. But I could make nothing of the two last letters. So I threw the journal aside and occupied myself with other matters. Four days later when the evening paper appeared with enormous headline announcing the attack on Mlle. Stangerson the letters in the advertisement mechanically recurred to me. I had forgotten the two last letters, S. N. When I saw them again I could not help exclaiming, 'Stangerson!' I jumped into a cab and rushed into the bureau No. 40 asking, 'Have you a letter addressed to M. A. T. H. S. N.?' The clerk replied that he had not. I insisted, begged and entreated him to search. He wanted to know if I was playing a joke on him and then told me that he had had a letter with the initials M. A. T. H. S. N., but he had given it up three days ago to a lady who came for it. 'You come today to claim the letter, and the day before yesterday another gentleman claimed it. I've had enough of this,' he concluded angrily. I tried to question him as to the two persons who had already claimed the letter, but whether he wished to entrench himself behind professional secrecy—he may have thought that he had already said too much—or whether he was disgusted at the joke that had been played on him he would not answer any of my questions."

"Then it is almost certain," said M. Stangerson, "that my daughter did lose the key, and that she did not tell me of it, wishing to spare my anxiety, and that she begged whoever had found it to write to the poste restante. She evidently feared that, by giving our address, inquiries would have resulted that would have apprised me of the loss of the key. It was quite logical, quite natural, for her to have taken that course—for I have been robbed once before."

"Where was that, and when?" asked the police chief.

"Oh, many years ago, in America, in Philadelphia. There were stolen from my laboratory the drawings of two inventions that might have made the fortune of a man. Not only have I never learned who the thief was, but I have never heard even a word of the object of the robbery, doubtless because in order to defeat the plans of the person who had robbed me I myself brought these two inventions before the public and so rendered the robbery of no avail. From that time on I have been very careful to shut myself in when I am at work. The bars to these windows, the lonely situation of this pavilion, this cabinet, which I had specially constructed, this special lock, this unique key, all are precautions against fears inspired by a sad experience."

"Most interesting!" remarked M. Dax.

M. Rouletabille asked about the reticule. Neither M. Stangerson nor Daddy Jacques had seen it for several days, but a few hours later we learned from Mlle. Stangerson herself that the reticule had either been stolen from her or she had lost it. She further corroborated all that had passed just as her father had stated. She had gone to the poste restante and, on the 23d of October, had received a letter which, she affirmed, contained nothing but a vulgar pleasantry, which she had immediately burned.

To return to our examination, or, rather, to our conversation. I must state that the chief of police, having inquired of M. Stangerson under what conditions his daughter had gone to Paris on the 20th of October, we learned that M. Robert Darzac had accompanied her, and Darzac had not been again seen at the chateau from that time until the day after the crime had been committed. The fact that M. Darzac was with her in the department store when the reticule disappeared could not pass unnoticed and, it must be said, strongly awakened our interest.

This conversation between magistrates, accused, victim, witnesses and journalist was coming to a close when quite a theatrical sensation—an incident of a kind displeasing to M. de Marquet—was produced. The officer of the gendarmes came to announce that Frederic Larsan requested to be admitted—a request that was at once complied with. He held in his hand a heavy pair of muddy boots, which he threw on the pavement of the laboratory.

"Here," he said, "are the boots worn by the murderer. Do you recognize them, Daddy Jacques?"

Daddy Jacques bent over them and, stupefied, recognized a pair of old boots which he had some time back thrown into a corner of his attic. He was so taken aback that he could not hide his agitation.

Then, pointing to the handkerchief in the old man's hand, Frederic Larsan said:

"That's a handkerchief astonishingly like the one that was found in the yellow room."

"I know," said Daddy Jacques, trembling, "they are almost alike."

"And then," continued Frederic Larsan, "the old Basque cap also found in the yellow room might at one time have been worn by Daddy Jacques himself. All this, gentlemen, proves, I think, that the murderer wished to disguise his real personality. He did it in a very clumsy way, or, at least, so it appears to us. Don't be alarmed, Daddy Jacques. We are quite sure that you were not the murderer. You never left the side of M. Stangerson. But if M. Stangerson had not been

working that night and had gone back to the chateau after parting with his daughter, and Daddy Jacques had gone to sleep in his attic, no one would have doubted that he was the murderer. He gives his safety, therefore, to the tragedy having been enacted too soon—the murderer, no doubt, from the silence in the laboratory, imagined that it was empty and that the moment for action had come. The man who had been able to introduce himself here so mysteriously and to leave so many evidences against Daddy Jacques was, there can be no doubt, familiar with the house. At what hour exactly he entered, whether in the afternoon or in the evening, I cannot say. One familiar with the proceedings and persons of this pavilion could choose his own time for entering the yellow room."

"He could not have entered it if anybody had been in the laboratory," said M. de Marquet.

"How do we know that?" replied Larsan. "There was the dinner in the laboratory, the coming and going of the servants in attendance. There was a chemical experiment being carried on between 10 and 11 o'clock with M. Stangerson, his daughter, and Daddy Jacques engaged at the furnace in a corner of the high chimney. Who can say that the murderer—an intimate, a friend—did not take advantage of that moment to slip into the yellow room after having taken off his boots in the laboratory?"

"It is very improbable," said M. Stangerson.

"Doubtless, but it is not impossible. I assert nothing. As to the escape from the pavilion, that's another thing—the most natural thing in the world."

For a moment Frederic Larsan paused—a moment that appeared to us a very long time. The eagerness with which we awaited what he was going to tell us may be imagined.

"I have not been in the yellow room," he continued, "but I take it for granted that you have satisfied yourselves that he could have left the room only by way of the door. It is by the door, then, that the murderer made his way out. At what time? At the moment when it was most easy for him to do so—at the moment when it became most explainable—so completely explainable that there can be no other explanation. Let us go over the moments which followed after the crime had been committed. There was the first moment, when M. Stangerson and Daddy Jacques were close to the door ready to bar the way. There was the second moment, during which Daddy Jacques was absent and M. Stangerson was left alone before the door. There was a third moment, when M. Stangerson was joined by the conierge. There was a fourth moment, during which M. Stangerson, the conierge and his wife and Daddy Jacques were before the door. There was a fifth moment, during which the door was burst open and the yellow room entered. The moment at which the flight is explainable is the very moment when there was the least number of persons before the door. There was one moment when there was but one person—M. Stangerson. Unless a complicity of silence on the part of Daddy Jacques is admitted—in which I do not believe—the door was opened in the presence of M. Stangerson alone, and the man escaped."

"Here we must admit that M. Stangerson had powerful reasons for not arresting or not causing the arrest of the murderer, since he allowed him to reach the window in the vestibule and closed it after him. That done, Mlle. Stangerson, though horribly wounded, had still strength enough, and no doubt in obedience to the entreaties of her father, to refasten the door of her chamber with both the bolt and the lock before sinking on the floor. We do not know who committed the crime; we do not know of what wretch M. and Mlle. Stangerson are the victims, but there is no doubt that they both know! The secret must be a terrible one, for the father had not hesitated to leave his daughter to die behind the door which she had shut upon herself—terrible for him to have allowed the assassin to escape. For there is no other way in the world to explain the murderer's flight from the yellow room!"

The silence which followed this dramatic and lucid explanation was appalling. We all of us felt grieved for the illustrious professor, so driven into a corner by the pitiless logic of Frederic Larsan, so forced to confess the whole truth of his martyrdom or to keep silent and thus make a yet more terrible admission. The man himself, a veritable statue of sorrow, raised his hand with a gesture so solemn that we bowed our heads to it as before something sacred. He then pronounced these words in a voice so loud that it seemed to exhaust him:

"I swear by the head of my suffering child I never for an instant left the door of her chamber after hearing her cries for help; that that door was not opened while I was alone in the laboratory, and that, finally, when we entered the yellow room, my three domestics and I, the murderer was no longer there! I swear I do not know the murderer!"

Must I say it, in spite of the solemnity of M. Stangerson's words we did not believe in his denial? Frederic Larsan had shown us the truth, and it was not so easily given up.

M. de Marquet announced that the conversation was at an end, and as we were about to leave the laboratory Joseph Rouletabille approached M. Stangerson, took him by the hand with greatest respect, and I heard him say: "I believe you, monsieur."

I here close the citation which I have thought it my duty to make from M. Malchec's narrative. I need not tell the reader that all that passed in the laboratory was immediately and faithfully reported to me by Rouletabille.

## CHAPTER XII.

Frederic Larsan's Cane.

It was not till 6 o'clock that I left the chateau, taking with me the article hastily written by my friend in the little sitting room which M. Robert Darzac had placed at our disposal. The reporter was to sleep at the chateau, taking advantage of the to me inexplicable hospitality offered him by M. Robert Darzac, to whom M. Stangerson in that sad time left the care of all his domestic affairs. Nevertheless he insisted on accompanying me to the station at Epinay. In crossing the park he said to me:

"Frederic is really very clever and has not belied his reputation. Do you know how he came to find Daddy Jacques' boots? Near the spot where we noticed the traces of the neat boots and the disappearance of the rough ones there was a square hole, freshly made in the moist ground, where a stone had evidently been removed. Larsan searched for that stone without finding it and at once imagined that it had been used by the murderer with which to sink the boots in the lake. Fred's calculation was an excellent one, as the success of his search proves. That escaped me, but my mind was turned in another direction by the large number of false indications of his track which the murderer left and by the measure of the black footmarks corresponding with that of Daddy Jacques' boots, which I had established without his suspecting it, on the floor of the yellow room. All which was a proof, in my eyes, that the murderer had sought to turn suspicion on to the old servant. Up to that point Larsan and I are in accord, but no further. It is going to be a terrible matter, for I tell you he is working on wrong lines, and I—I must fight him with nothing!"

At that moment we passed by the back of the chateau. Night had come. A window on the first floor was partly open. A feeble light came from it as well as some sounds which drew our attention. We approached until we had reached the side of a door that was situated just under the window. Rouletabille in a low tone made me understand that this was the window of Mlle. Stangerson's chamber. The sounds which had attracted our attention ceased, then were renewed for a moment, and then we heard stifled sobs. We were only able to catch these words, which reached us distinctly, "My poor Robert!" Rouletabille whispered in my ear:

"If we only knew what was being said in that chamber my inquiry would soon be finished."

He looked about him. The darkness of the evening enveloped us. We could not see much beyond the narrow path bordered by trees which ran behind the chateau. The sobs had ceased.

"If we can't hear we may at least try to see," said Rouletabille.

And, making a sign to me to deaden the sound of my steps, he led me across the path to the trunk of a tall beech tree, the white bole of which was visible in the darkness. This tree grew exactly in front of the window in which we were so much interested, its lower branches being on a level with the first floor of the chateau. From the height of those branches one might certainly see what was passing in Mlle. Stangerson's chamber. Evidently that was what Rouletabille thought, for, enjoining me to remain hidden, he clasped the trunk with his vigorous arms and climbed up. I soon lost sight of him amid the branches, and then followed a deep silence.

In front of me the open window remained lighted, and I saw no shadow move across it. I listened, and presently from above me these words reached my ears:

"After you!"

"After you, pray!"

Somebody was overhead, speaking—exchanging courtesies. What was my astonishment to see on the slippery column of the tree two human forms appear and quietly slip down to the ground. Rouletabille had mounted alone and had returned with another.

"Good evening, M. Salclair!"

It was Frederic Larsan. The detective had already occupied the post of observation when my young friend had thought to reach it alone. Neither noticed my astonishment. I explained that to myself by the fact that they must have been witnesses of some tender and despairing scene between Mlle. Stangerson, lying in her bed, and M. Darzac on his knees by her pillow. I guessed that each had drawn different conclusions from what they had seen. It was easy to see that the scene had strongly impressed Rouletabille in favor of M. Robert Darzac, while to Larsan it showed nothing but consummate hypocrisy acted with finished art by Mlle. Stangerson's park.

As we reached the dark gate Larsan stopped us.

"My cane!" he cried. "I left it near the tree."

He left us, saying he would rejoin us presently.

"Have you noticed Frederic Larsan's cane?" asked the young reporter as soon as we were alone. "It is quite a new one, which I have never seen him use before. He seems to take great care of it—it never leaves him. One would think he was afraid it might fall into the hands of strangers. I never saw it before today. Where did he find it? It isn't natural that a man who had never before used a walking stick should the day after the Glandier crime never move a step without one. On the day of our arrival at the chateau, as soon as he saw us, he put his watch in his pocket and picked up his cane from the ground, a proceeding to which I was perhaps wrong not to attach some importance."

We were now out of the park. Rouletabille had dropped into silence. His thoughts were certainly still occupied with Frederic Larsan's new cane. I had proof of that when, as we came near to Epinay, he said:

"Frederic Larsan arrived at the Glandier before me. He began his inquiry before me. He has had time to find out things about which I know nothing. Where did he find that cane?" Then he added: "It is probable that his suspicion—more than that, his reasoning—has led him to lay his hand on something tangible. Has this cane anything to do with it? Where the deuce could he have found it?"

As I had to wait twenty minutes for the train at Epinay, we entered a cabaret. Almost immediately the door opened, and Frederic Larsan made his appearance, brandishing his famous cane.

"I found it," he said laughingly. The three of us seated ourselves at a table. Rouletabille never took his eyes off the cane. He was so absorbed that he did not notice a sign Larsan made to a railway employee, a young man with a chin decorated by a tiny blond and ill kept beard. On the sign the young man rose, paid for his drink, bowed and went out. I should not myself have attached any importance to the circumstance if it had not been recalled to my mind some months later by the reappearance of the man with the beard at one of the most tragic moments of this case. I then learned that the youth was one of Larsan's assistants and had been charged by him to watch the going and coming of travelers at the station of Epinay-sur-Orge. Larsan neglected nothing in any case on which he was engaged.

I turned my eyes again on Rouletabille.

"Ah, M. Fred," he said, "when did you begin to use a walking stick? I have always seen you walking with your hands in your pockets!"

"It is a present," replied the detective.

"Recent?" insisted Rouletabille.

"No; it was given to me in London."

"Ah, yes, I remember—you have just come from London. May I look at it?"

"Oh, certainly!"

Fred passed the cane to Rouletabille. It was a large yellow bamboo with a crutch handle and ornamented with a gold ring.

Rouletabille, after examining it minutely, returned it to Larsan, with a bantering expression on his face, saying:

"You were given a French cane in London."

"Possibly," said Fred imperturbably.

"Read the mark there in tiny letters—'Cassette, 6a, Opera.'"

"Cannot English people buy canes in Paris?"

When Rouletabille had seen me into the train he said:

"You'll remember the address?"

"Yes; 'Cassette, 6a, Opera.' Rely on me. You shall have word tomorrow morning."

That evening on reaching Paris I saw M. Cassette, dealer in walking sticks and umbrellas, and wrote to my friend:

"I have seen the cane of the murderer. It is a large yellow bamboo with a crutch handle and ornamented with a gold ring."

Rouletabille, after examining it minutely, returned it to Larsan, with a bantering expression on his face, saying:

"You were given a French cane in London."

"Possibly," said Fred imperturbably.

"Read the mark there in tiny letters—'Cassette, 6a, Opera.'"

"Cannot English people buy canes in Paris?"

When Rouletabille had seen me into the train he said:

"You'll remember the address?"

"Yes; 'Cassette, 6a, Opera.' Rely on me. You shall have word tomorrow morning."

That evening on reaching Paris I saw M. Cassette, dealer in walking sticks and umbrellas, and wrote to my friend:

"I have seen the cane of the murderer. It is a large yellow bamboo with a crutch handle and ornamented with a gold ring."

Rouletabille, after examining it minutely, returned it to Larsan, with a bantering expression on his face, saying:

"You were given a French cane in London."

"Possibly," said Fred imperturbably.

"Read the mark there in tiny letters—'Cassette, 6a, Opera.'"

"Cannot English people buy canes in Paris?"

When Rouletabille had seen me into the train he said:

"You'll remember the address?"

"Yes; 'Cassette, 6a, Opera.' Rely on me. You shall have word tomorrow morning."

That evening on reaching Paris I saw M. Cassette, dealer in walking sticks and umbrellas, and wrote to my friend:

"I have seen the cane of the murderer. It is a large yellow bamboo with a crutch handle and ornamented with a gold ring."

Rouletabille, after examining it minutely, returned it to Larsan, with a bantering expression on his face, saying:

"You were given a French cane in London."

"Possibly," said Fred imperturbably.

"Read the mark there in tiny letters—'Cassette, 6a, Opera.'"

"Cannot English people buy canes in Paris?"

When Rouletabille had seen me into the train he said:

"You'll remember the address?"

"Yes; 'Cassette, 6a, Opera.' Rely on me. You shall have word tomorrow morning."

That evening on reaching Paris I saw M. Cassette, dealer in walking sticks and umbrellas, and wrote to my friend:

"I have seen the cane of the murderer. It is a large yellow bamboo with a crutch handle and ornamented with a gold ring."

Rouletabille, after examining it minutely, returned it to Larsan, with a bantering expression on his face, saying:

"You were given a French cane in London."

"Possibly," said Fred imperturbably.

"Read the mark there in tiny letters—'Cassette, 6a, Opera.'"

"Cannot English people buy canes in Paris?"

When Rouletabille had seen me into the train he said:

"You'll remember the address?"

"Yes; 'Cassette, 6a, Opera.' Rely on me. You shall have word tomorrow morning."

That evening on reaching Paris I saw M. Cassette, dealer in walking sticks and umbrellas, and wrote to my friend:

"I have seen the cane of the murderer. It is a large yellow bamboo with a crutch handle and ornamented with a gold ring."

Rouletabille, after examining it minutely, returned it to Larsan, with a bantering expression on his face, saying:

"You were given a French cane in London."

"Possibly," said Fred imperturbably.

"Read the mark there in tiny letters—'Cassette, 6a, Opera.'"

"Cannot English people buy canes in Paris?"

A man unmistakably answering to the description of M. Robert Darzac—same height, slightly stooping, putty colored overcoat, bowler hat—purchased a cane similar to the one in which we are interested on the evening of the crime about 6 o'clock. M. Cassette had not sold another such cane during the last two years. Fred's cane is new. It is quite clear that it's the same cane. Fred did not buy it, since he was in London. Are you, I think that he found it somewhere near M. Robert Darzac. But if, as you suppose, the murderer was in the yellow room for five or six hours and the crime was not committed until toward midnight the purchase of this cane proves an incontestable alibi for Darzac.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## WEAK, WEARY WOMEN

Learn the Cause of Daily Woes and End Them.

When the back aches and throbs, When housework is torture, When night brings no rest nor sleep, When urinary disorders set in, Women's lot is a weary one. There is a way to escape these woes.

Doan's Kidney Pills cure such ills. Dr. A. T. Lee, living two miles from Elkton, Ky., says: "Kidney disease had rendered me practically helpless and I could not turn over in bed without assistance. My back was racked with agonizing pains and I scarcely had enough strength to move. The kidney secretions were irregular in action, and at times very unnatural in appearance. Seeing Doan's Kidney Pills so highly advertised, my husband procured a box for me and I used them. The first dose gave me relief, and as continued using them I steadily improved until I was made as well and strong as I had ever been."

Plenty more proof like this from Hopkinsville people. Call at Johnson's drug store and, ask your customers report.

For sale by all dealers. 50 cents, Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doans—and take no other.

Account Christmas Holidays the Illinois Central will sell to stations south of the Ohio river and return for one and one third first class fare: Dates of sale Dec. 18, 19, 23, 24, 25, 30 and 31, 1908, and Jan. 1, 1909. Final limit Jan. 6th, 1909.

G. R. NEWMAN, Agt.

For bargains in real estate call on J. F. ELLIS.

### COMFORT AND ECONOMY

MORE AND BETTER RUBBER, STRONG, NON-RUSTING, UNBREAKABLE PARTS, ENDS AND BUTTON-HOLES THAT WON'T BREAK OR PULL OUT, ENABLE US TO POSITIVELY GUARANTEE THAT

### BULL DOG SUSPENDERS

OUTWEAR THREE ORDINARY KINDS

MADE LIGHT AND HEAVY WEIGHT (EXTRA LONG, IF DESIRED), IN A VARIETY OF NEAT, PLEASING STYLES

### 50 CENTS

### BEST SUSPENDER VALUE WE EVER OFF



## MADE A BIG HIT.

A Speech That Hanlan, the Caraman, Delivered in England.

Edward Hanlan, once champion oarsman of the world, related a good story of how he delivered a speech after winning his second race in England. His first victory had found him unprepared. He was ready for his second with a speech composed for him by a newspaper friend neatly copied out on paper and stored away for use in his coat pocket.

When the crowd outside the clubhouse insisted upon seeing and hearing the winner he was helped out upon a window ledge by his friends and stood there by the coat tails and the legs. The crowd cheered him wildly. He was too confused to speak. They cheered him again. He threw out his hand in a gesture of helplessness and moved his lips in some inaudible mumble of apology for his inability to deliver a speech. They could not hear on account of the noise that they were themselves making, but they encouraged him with generous applause. He saw his escape and proceeded to shake his head and work his lips in a fine frenzy of oratory, gesticulating eloquently and smiling his thanks. The noisy and good natured crowd cheered him to the echo, and his friends drew him in from his precarious position on the window ledge.

"You carried that crowd along in style," they congratulated him. "What did you say? We couldn't hear you." "Yes. Give us an idea of your speech," the reporters put in, drawing out their notebooks.

Hanlan took the manuscript from his pocket. "Here's the whole thing," he said. "Do you want it all?" "Well, rather," they answered. "That speech made a hit."

## AN ANCIENT YOKEL.

Not Quite Sure of His Age, but Knew It Was Something Fearful.

During a Saturday stroll in the country a pedestrian came upon an ancient rustic engaged in breaking stones. Drawing him into conversation, the pedestrian eventually asked the old fellow how old he was.

"Oh, I dunno," was the reply, "but I know I be a fearful age!"

"But you must have some general idea how old you are."

"No, I dunno, but I know I be a fearful age," was the only estimate that could be drawn from him.

"All right; we'll try to get at it in another way," said the pedestrian, bringing out his pencil and notebook. "Now, how old were you when you left school?"

"I be nine, sir, when I finished schulin'."

"And what did you do then?"

"Well, I was boy fur Farmer Giles fur fifteen year."

"And after that?"

"After that I worked fur Squire Noakes fur seven and thirty year."

"And what next?"

"Well, I was wagoner fur Crunker the carrier, fur four and forty year."

And so on, and so forth, until the final fact was elicited that he had been engaged on breaking stones for a quarter of a century. Then the inquirer observed, with withering sarcasm:

"So you do not know how old you are? Well, I'll tell you. You're 37 years old on your own showing."

"I desay," murmured the ancient yokel, with undisturbed serenity, "I know I be a fearful age."—Liverpool Mercury.

## Scalloped Apples.

Select a half dozen apples. Wash and core. Slice across apple so that each piece will be encircled by the skin of the apple. Place in a stewing or frying pan, pouring over them about one-fourth of a cupful of water, three-fourths of a cupful of sugar, though amount of sugar is best determined by acidity of apples—and a tablespoonful of butter. Cover and allow to simmer. When soft remove cover and fry. When sufficiently brown place in a rather deep dish alternate layers of the apples and grated cheese. Place in the oven for five or ten minutes and serve in the same dish in which they were scalloped.—Boston Post.

## What Korea Was.

Few are aware that Korea preceded Europe in inventing three things which have had a vast influence upon the world. Printing with movable types originated in Korea in 1324, 126 years before the invention of the art in Europe. The two other inventions in which the Koreans seem to have anticipated Europe were the mortar and the ironclad, both used with considerable effect during the Japanese-Korean war of 1892-8.—Japan Chronicle.

## In a Hurry.

A Chinese woman was fanning the nose of her husband, and being asked by the neighbors why she fanned a dead man in the middle of winter, she replied, "My husband's last words were, 'Wife, wait till I am cold before you marry again.'"—Scrap Book.

## Don't Stand Still.

Everything in nature seems to have this sign on it: "Move On." Nothing stands still. Every atom in the universe is on the move. You must either move on or get run over.—Success Magazine.

## Not Dangerous.

Pat—I hear yer wiffe is sick, Molke? Mike—She is that. Pat—Is it dangerous she is? Mike—Divil a bit. She's too weak to be dangerous any more.—New York Sun.

Agriculture is the most healthful, most useful and most noble employment of man.—George Washington.

## MEAT IN ITALY.

The Way the Slaughter Houses Are Operated by Law.

Slaughter houses in Italy are public institutions. The law prescribes that every town of more than 6,000 inhabitants shall build and maintain a municipal slaughter house, where all butchers are compelled to bring their live stock to be killed. The slaughtering itself is done by the individual butchers and their assistants. The conveyance of the cattle, the removal of the carcasses and the dressing of the meat are likewise the affair of the butchers. The city provides the building, keeps it clean and furnishes veterinary inspectors to examine and pass upon the carcasses.

The Milan slaughter house is situated within the city and occupies several acres of ground. It consists of a number of long, single story buildings made of cement and stucco. The buildings consist of either a single large hall or else a row of small box stalls about twenty-five feet wide and either fifteen or thirty feet deep. Each stall has a wide double door in front and a window behind. The buildings are arranged in parallel pairs, each pair being connected by a covered passage thirty feet wide, whose roof is raised many feet above that of the buildings, being supported by pillars rising from the roofs on either side. The air thus circulates under the roofs of the passages or corridors and over the buildings.

## WHEN LOST IN THE WOODS.

The Chief Dangers Lie in Panic and Overexertion.

Let the man who is lost in the woods be very careful not to overexert himself. His chief dangers lie in panic and overexertion, and, though he may be in a great hurry to find shelter, I must warn him to go slowly. Two miles an hour, on an average, through the snow in the woods is all that a man in his condition will be able to stand without overfatigue and its attendant dangers, overheating and perspiration. By exercising caution a man may live through a week of what he is undergoing.

To make this article brief, however, we shall suppose that he regains the road by the afternoon of the first day. He doesn't yet know, of course, just where he is. He should examine the tracks of the person who last passed that way. If being afternoon, he must follow in the direction taken by the last passing vehicle or team, as shelter will be nearest in that direction. Had it been morning he would have taken the opposite direction, as whoever made the tracks must have come from the place where he obtained shelter the previous night.—A. B. Carleton in Outing Magazine.

## The Cure.

He talked too much—far too much. Already he had driven his taciturn companion nearly wild. He had touched on subjects innumerable, discoursed with volubility on anything and everything. Onward went the unending stream of speech. And all the while the voluble one danced about and fidgeted and squirmed until the other was well nigh beside himself with disgust.

Finally the walking dictionary took from his pocket a cigarette.

"I'm a great smoker," he remarked.

"Yes, I'm a great smoker—great smoker. I'm one of those nervous men, you know; one of those high strung, restless fellows who always must have something in their mouths. Yes, you see, I'm so nervous, as I said, that I simply must—yes, must—have something all the time in my mouth."

"Try a gag!" suggested his companion.—New York Times.

## What's Yours?

It was 1:30 a. m. in the cheap, all night restaurant.

"What's yours?" said the "tough" waiter, arms akimbo.

We gave our orders and in about ten minutes the waiter served my friends, but left me nothing.

"What's yours?" he asked, addressing me.

"Why," said I, surprised and reproachful, "I ordered corned beef and cabbage at least ten minutes ago."

The waiter's jaw became a trifle more aggressive than usual.

"Well," he said grimly, "do you still stick to it?"—Bohemian Magazine.

## Memory of Animals.

"The elephant's memory is proverbial," said F. Martin Duncan, F. Z. S., "but that of the other beasts of the jungle is hardly less noteworthy. Tigers in captivity always remember a kindness and recognize a friend even after the lapse of months. Lions which have been in a zoological garden for years have also been known to show signs of abject fear when visited by native hunters from the country where they had their early home."—London Mail.

## Might Be Worse.

"Where do you work, my good man?"

"In a powder factory."

"Mercy! What a hazardous occupation!"

"Oh, no, mum. I seldom meets any automobiles on my way to or from work."—Puck.

## A Distinction.

"I say, do you think that Wiggins is a man to be trusted?"

"Trusted? Yes; rather. Why, I'd trust him with my life!"

"Yes, but with anything of value, I mean."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

## With Reason.

Smith—Why don't you play poker? Are you against gambling?

Brown—Yes—up against it.—Detroit Free Press.



## Do You Feel Chilly, Then Feverish and Ache all Over?

Feel Worn-out, Blue and Tired? Have You a Fresh Cold, With Frequent Hacking Cough? Sensation of Soreness in the Chest or Back?

Don't let your case run into bronchitis, or some other obstinate and dangerous malady. The very best medicine to take in such a case is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Made without alcohol or dangerous drugs, it contains that rare combination of native medicinal roots that will ally a cough from its out, as it were, restore the circulation, assist the appetite and digestion, and consequently restore tone to the entire system. That is the reason people look happy once more after taking it—they feel like living, because their liver is active, the blood in their arteries is full of that life-giving quality—rich, red blood. This blood in turn feeds the nerves.

Nervousness and neuralgia are only the indication that the nerves are not fed on invigorating blood. This "Medical Discovery" of Dr. Pierce is nature's own restorer. It tones up the organism and invigorates its functions, furnishing to the body one of its necessary constituent principles of which it is in need.

This preparation is of pleasant taste, agrees perfectly with rebellious and sensitive stomachs, and is extremely effective in restoring tone and vigor to the entire system. It cures troubles of the stomach and at the same time the blood-vessels are given such a tonic up as to

throw off a cold. One very good reason why it restores the health of run-down, pale and emaciated people is because it first throws out the poisons through the liver and kidneys. It then begins its reconstructive work in building up flesh and making good, rich, red blood.

"I have been a sufferer from indigestion for some thirty years, at times," writes Dr. S. W. Mullenax, of Circleville, W. Va., "and have used medicine from several of our best physicians, which gave me only a little temporary relief. They said I could never be cured. Last winter I was stricken with the worst spell that I ever had. I suffered with such severe pains in the pit of my stomach that I could neither work nor sleep, and my weight went down from one hundred and ninety-five pounds to one hundred and thirty-five pounds in about two months' time. I then concluded that I would try Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. By the time the first bottle was gone, I felt some relief from my severe suffering so continued until I had used four bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I am truly thankful for the great benefit which I have received from your medicine, and can cordially recommend it to others."

**It Stands Alone** not only in respect to its ingredients but also as the only medicine for stomach, liver and blood disorders, which is absolutely and perfectly harmless, and contains no alcohol.

**It Stands Alone** as the best alternative medicine, the makers of which take their patients fully into their confidence and tell them exactly what they are taking. This Dr. Pierce can afford to do, because his "Golden Medical Discovery" is made of such ingredients and after a working formula that has thousands of cures to its credit, placing its merits above criticism.

**It Stands Alone** as Nature's cure for many chronic diseases and its ingredients are: Golden Seal root, Queen's root, Stone root, Black Cherry bark, Bloodroot, Mandrake root, and chemically pure glycerine.

Remember, these are the ORIGINAL Little Liver Pills, first put up by old Dr. R. V. Pierce, over 40 years ago, and although much imitated, have never been equaled. Made of concentrated and refined medicinal principles, extracted from native American plants and roots, therefore purely vegetable and perfectly harmless. One Little Liver Pill for a stomachic, or stomach and bowel regulator, three tiny granules for a cathartic.

**WINTER IS AT HAND**

And the question of Coal will be a live issue for the next five months. Let us fill your coal house

WITH THE

**Celebrated OAK HILL COAL.**

There is no Better COAL on the Market.

A Trial is All That is Needed to Convince You.

**PAUL WINN,**

BOTH PHONES:—Cumb. 158; Home 1344.  
Corner Second Ave. and L. & N. Railroad.

## Horses and Mules!

New Firm will conduct a first-class Sales Stable at Virginia Street and Central Avenue. Nice Mules, Driving Horses, Good Family Horses and Teams will be supplied and Horses will be bought and sold at all times. Our firm is composed of Richard Leavell and Howard Brame. Give us a call.

**Leavell & Brame.**



## EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK

Shoppers Will Have Their  
**RAILROAD FARES REFUNDED**  
AT HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY.

If you spend \$15 your Fare both ways will be refunded up to 25 miles; if you spend \$25 your fare will be paid both ways up to 50 miles. Get a receipt for your ticket, come to Hopkinsville and apply to any of the following members of the Merchants' Association and they will do the rest:

Forbes Mfg. Co., (Incorporated)	Planters Hardware Co., (Incorporated)	F. A. Yost Co., (Incorporated)
Anderson & Fowler Drug Co., (Incorporated)	J. T. Wall & Co., (Incorporated)	The Witt Co., (Incorporated)
Cook & Higgins, L. L. Elgin,	W. P. Pool & Son,	R. C. Hardwick,
Frankel's Busy Store,	J. H. Anderson & Co.,	Bassett & Co.,
Warfield & West Shoe Co., (Incorporated)	T. M. Jones,	Keach Furniture Co.

## HOME-MADE CANDIES

15c a POUND

Saturday

P. J. BRESLIN,

AGENT FOR

SORORITY

CHOCOLATES

Fruit Baskets and Candy Boxes put up in artistic style.

Call on me at No. 9 South Main.



FOR SAILOR BOYS  
3 to 8 Years Old

A dainty, inexpensive suit for wear all year round, that has won instant popularity with parents and youngsters

Strongly made of extra quality Hyde-grade galatea, with blue collar handsomely set off with large anchor buttons. Cut in latest yachting style, and can be instantly changed to a jockey suit, giving the child two suits for the price of one—\$2.50

If you love your youngster make him happy, handsome and manly with one of these attractive garments

Only \$2.50 Prepaid

**THE BUNNY CO.**  
89 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.

MENTION THIS PUBLICATION WHEN YOU ORDER AND WE WILL DELIVER A HANDSOME BONUS

## Tennessee Central

TIME TABLE

EFFECTIVE OCT. 17, 1908.

EAST BOUND.

No. 12 Clarksville and Nashville Mail leaves ..... 6:30 a. m.  
No. 14 Clarksville and Nashville Mail leaves..... 4:00 p. m.

WEST BOUND.

No. 11 Clarksville and Hopkinsville mail arrives... 11:20 a. m.  
No. 13 Clarksville and Hopkinsville mail arrives... 8:15 p. m.  
G. R. NEWMAN, Agt.

Better Than Writing Poetry.

Literary work is all right, but the surest way to make your name a household word is to advertise extensively.—Somerville Journal.

## The Thrice-a-Week World

The Greatest Newspaper of Its Type.

It Always Tells the News as it is, Promptly and Fully.

Read in All English Speaking Countries.

It has invariable been the great effort of the Thrice-a-Week edition of the New York World to publish the news impartially in order that it may be an accurate reporter of what has happened. It tells the truth, irrespective of party, and for the reason it has achieved a position with the public unique among papers of its class.

If you want the news as it really is, subscribe to the Thrice-a-Week edition of the New York World, which comes to you every other day except Sunday, and is thus practically a daily at the price of a weekly.

The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only \$1.00 per year, and this pays for 156 papers. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the Hopkinsville Kentuckian together for one year for \$2.65. The regular subscription price of the two papers is \$3.00.

Why?

For some reason a girl always thinks every fellow who proposes to her is a hero.

## POOR CONCRETE WORK

Is about the worst investment a man can have. Such work is either due to errors in construction, caused by lack of experience, or improper mixing and proportionment of materials.

**Every Bit** of our material is measured and mixed systematically and our construction methods are the result of over 5 years of experience in railroad and sidewalk work. To be on the safe side, let us do YOUR WORK.

**Meacham Contracting Co.**  
(INCORPORATED)

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

**PATENTS**

TRADE MARKS  
DESIGNS  
COPYRIGHTS &c.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Mann & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

**Scientific American.**

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

**MUNN & Co.** 361 Broadway, New York  
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.



## The Kentuckian.

Published Every Other Day,  
TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY  
MORNINGS, BY  
**CHAS. M. MEACHAM.**

Entered at the Postoffice at Louisville, Ky., as Second-Class Matter.

### SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One Year, \$1.00  
Six Months, .60  
Three Months, .30  
Single Copies, 10c  
\*Deliver Rates on Application.

212 SOUTH MAIN STREET.

DEC. 31 1908.

### The Weather.

FOR KENTUCKY—Generally fair Thursday, with cold wave west portion.

### THIRTY YEARS OLD.

The Kentuckian is no longer a spring chicken. This number rounds out the thirtieth year of its existence, nearly all of that time under its present editorial control. From a boy of 20 to a man of 50 is quite a stretch, and many things have happened in that time. The bound volumes of the Kentuckian from 1879 to the present time contain a complete history of the development of a town of 4,000 into a city of 12,000. The growth of the city has been gradual but constant and through all these years the Kentuckian has faithfully reported the things that have happened from day to day, always telling the truth as it saw it, faithfully, fearlessly and fairly. It has no doubt made mistakes, but it has never knowingly betrayed its trusts, been swayed from the path of duty or sought popularity at the expense of principle. Not always has it "gone with the crowd," but has lived through more than one crisis to see its position vindicated by the logic of events. With the courage of its convictions, trying always to be on the right side, serving its friends and patrons of a lifetime to the best of its ability, in its unassuming, unpretentious way, it enters another year after passing the "30" of its somewhat eventful career. With a sense of gratitude for past favors, too deep to find expression in mere words; with respect for the honest opinions of good citizens whether they agree with its own or not, with love for its friends that has grown with the lapse of years, with a kind word even for its enemies, it will move on in the future as in the past.

At Waverly, Tenn., Attorney General Jno. B. Bowman, an officer corresponding to the commonwealth's attorney in Kentucky, quietly worked up a case against a gang of night riders who organized to whip negroes and regulate the morals and conduct of people generally, and at the first haul arrested 16 of them and sent them to jail. Some of them confessed and he now has all the secrets of the gang. Some prosecuting attorneys are not Bowmans.

Three negroes of Providence went hunting Saturday near Daltou and Horace Dunsen, aged 21, one of the party, while climbing a rail fence, caught the trigger of his gun on one of the rails and to unfetter the weapon gave it a jerk. The gun was exploded and the entire charge took effect, killing him instantly.

Jas. H. Parrish, the Owensboro defaulting banker, whose trial at Hawesville last week, resulted in a hung jury, has filed a deed of assignment admitting that he owes \$200,000.

One of the most beautiful women in Washington is the charming young wife of the military attaché of the German embassy, Frau Von Livonius. She is a great social favorite.

Hotel Mary, Madisonville's new hotel, was formally opened Monday night with a big banquet.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. ELLI'S CATARRH CURE, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

### SUIT TO ENFORCE

Attorneys Ask Attachment  
Alleged Funds Put Up  
by Defendants.

Paducah, Ky., Dec. 30.—A peculiar suit in attachment was filed in Marshall county by Cecil Reed, and Hazelip & Browning, attorneys for Nat. Frizzell, Mattie Scruggs and Lee Baker, night rider victims, to get possession of about \$1,000 alleged to have been deposited by Lyon county defendants in the bank of Birmingham as their share of the \$3,000 compromise of the suits in Federal court. The three plaintiffs, who were victims of the Birmingham raid, ask for \$100,000 damages. The defendants agreed that if the cases were continued at the last term, they would pay over the \$3,000 by December 15, it is alleged. The time passed and only excuses were forthcoming. Then the attorneys learned that the Lyon county assessment had been paid. The attachment proceedings were sued out in the name of Ann Bishop, Alex Terry and Mark Skinner, also plaintiffs, and if the attachment fails, the suit in Federal Court will be tried at the next term.

### The Hen Strike.

Oh, lowly hen,  
In my back yard,  
To strike at such  
A time is hard.  
Have I not come  
At early morn  
Day after day  
To feed you corn?  
Have I not done  
My very best  
To build for you  
A cozy nest.  
And when the nights  
Were cold and raw  
Have I not lined  
Your coop with straw?

Oh, balky hen,  
To you I've been  
A faithful friend.  
Each week I clean  
Your cozy house.  
And monthly, too,  
With whitewash I  
Tint it anew.  
What further favors  
Would you ask  
Before you'll start  
Your daily task?  
It is your master  
Now who begs.  
Call off your strike  
And give me eggs.

Come, lowly hen,  
Let's arbitrate:  
I'm paying you  
The union rate.  
Your labor is not  
Skilled, I say,  
Most any hen  
An egg can lay.  
Back to the nests!  
Go, lowly hen,  
And start producing  
Eggs again.  
To-day I put  
It's up to you,  
Lay on! or I'll  
Have chicken stew.

—[Detroit Free Press.]

Farmers, mechanics, railroaders, laborers rely on Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Takes the sting out of cuts, burns or bruises at once. Pain cannot stay where it is used.

### Tobacco Cleaning Machine.

Consul Worden, of Bristol, Eng., reports that an ingenious machine is being perfected for the purpose of cleaning tobacco. The machine can handle 500 pounds of leaf daily. The stemming is much better than is possible to do by hand, no leaves being torn in the process and wrinkles being straightened out. The cleaning device consists of a series of rotary brushes, mounted to rotate at an angle corresponding with the angle of the veins in a tobacco leaf. These engage the leaf on both sides simultaneously, and as each pair of brushes has relatively higher speed the brushing effect on the leaves is graduated and the bruising or tearing of the lamina of even the most tender leaves is prevented, while the sand and dust are removed most effectually and deposited in the receiver. In the argument for some such device as this, to cleanse and from tobacco, it is said that the difference in the keeping qualities of clean and unclean tobacco is very great; clean tobacco improves, and acquires a much more mellow flavor, but tobacco mildews, and very heavy losses are sustained by both shippers and importers.

## Magazine Offices.



MRS. HUMPHREYWARD

Whose first American novel, entitled "Marriage a la Mode," begins in the January number.

An important feature of McClure's Magazine for January is the first instalment of "Marriage a la Mode," a new novel by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, dealing with American life. Then there is a great story of the South Seas, "The House of Mapubi," by Jack London, and five other good, strong short stories. The articles are fully up to the McClure standard. An educated man who went into the saloon business tells of his experiences; General Kuropatkin declares that the Treaty of Portsmouth was a premature and dangerous peace and cites facts to prove it; Dr. Brandreth Symonds gives some interesting figures on the mortality of overweights and underweights; James L. Ford contributes a paper on "The Appeal of the Stage," and Will C. Barnes has some interesting things to say about wild horses.

### The January Smart Set

Ralph Henry Barbour has surpassed even the charm of his own previous efforts in the rapid-fire movement and absorbing breeziness of his latest novel, "A Fool's Wooing," which is published complete in the January Smart Set. To meet the conditions of an inheritance an impetuous young New York club

### NEW OFFICERS

Of Forest Lodge No. 308 A. F. & A. M.

The following officers for the year 1909 were elected:  
J. H. Dilman, W. M.  
S. S. Spicer, S. W.  
O. M. Wilson, J. W.  
Jno. W. Ford, Treas.  
Thos. H. Major, Sec.  
Jno. T. Steger, S. D.  
W. H. Weaver, J. D.  
S. D. Radford, Tiler.

We write insurance policies without the riot clause.

HIGGINS & SON.

\$200 Kiss.

Paducah, Ky., Dec. 29.—Mrs. Lucy Johnson, of Lora, Livingston county, recovered \$200 damages from William F. Paris, Jr., for a kiss stolen from her on St. Patrick's day of this year at her home. She asked for \$2,000, and there were all sorts of suggestions from the jurors as to the proper amount. One refused to sign a verdict for less than \$500, but the other eleven agreed on \$200, which, with the costs, will make the expense of that kiss to Mr. Paris about \$600. The compromise was effected Saturday night.

### The Tipping Evil.

The whole matter of tipping is wrong. The man who is compelled to give is molested and the man who is asked to receive is insulted, whether he knows it or not. It may never be possible to correct the evil of tipping by legislative enactments, but it can be curtailed by individual habit. The sentiment against it is growing. People will continue to make small presents to faithful servants as long as some men are born to serve and some to be served, but the time is coming when they will do so only through choice and not from compulsion. The porter, like the waiter and the barber and the hackman, has been led to look upon the tip as his right, and one day or night for. In the revulsion of feeling which has come over the public because of the growing demands for tips on the part of the serving class, the porter must suffer with his fellows.

man with bachelor propensities must marry within thirty days. The frantic search for an eligible party, the terrific whirlwind wooing that ensues and the stormy progress of this made-to-order romance make a story that is one of the very greatest "thrillers" of the year.

### Some Items of Our National Bonfire Bill.

Here are a few facts from "Burnt Money," Samuel Hopkins Adams' amazing indictment of American fire waste, in the January Everybody's: "In ten years we have had a million fires in this country—an average of 100,000 a year.

"Our fires cost us \$600,000,000 a year.

"Berlin and Chicago are about of a size. Berlin pays its fire department \$312,000 a year, and sees \$169,000 go up in smoke. Chicago's departmental bill is \$3,087,505; its bill for fire loss runs to \$5,000,000 annually.

"Yearly we pay in to the fire insurance companies some \$195,000,000. Except in a catastrophic year like 1906, where a convulsion of nature upsets all calculations, we receive back about \$95,000,000, leaving a comfortable little margin of \$100,000,000 as profit and the cost of doing business.

"Fire rates in the United States are twelve times heavier than in Great Britain and twenty times heavier than in Italy. On the average we pay too much for insurance, even on the basis of our highly inflammable communities.

"There are some 11,600,000 buildings in this country, valued at \$14,600,000,000. About 8,000 of these are fireproof, if that elastic term be charitably stretched to cover a multitude of sins. The other 11,592,000 are at the mercy of a defective flue, a fire in the adjoining edifice, or the high financier with the insurance policy in his breast pocket and the kerosene can in his strong right hand."

### GAVE BIRTH TO CHILD

On Train and Then Threw it Out of Window.

David City, Neb., Dec. 29.—An unidentified young woman gave birth to a child in the toilet room of a day coach on a Burlington train near here and threw the child out of the window of the toilet room as the train was moving out of Columbus. The child was picked up a few minutes later and died soon afterward. The mother was arrested at Lincoln on a charge of murder.

### NIGHT RIDERS

Serve Notices Upon Citizens of Oklahoma.

Oklahoma City, Okla., Dec. 29.—After repeated notices served upon him not to sell cotton below ten cents, night riders last night destroyed the barn of W. A. Buck in Pottawatomie county. Buck recently came here from Iowa.

### Football's Toll for 1908.

Total deaths.....	10
Total injured.....	290
College players killed.....	3
High school players killed.....	2
Athletic members killed.....	5
College players injured.....	1666
High school players injured.....	77
Athletic members injured.....	47

### In Henderson County.

Joe Rowland, aged 50, was shot and killed Sunday by Lannie Boswell at Hebbardsville Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock. The exact cause of the tragedy is not known, but it is supposed to have been the result of a trouble between the two of over two years' standing.—Gleaner.

BEARS THE SIGNATURE OF THE KING YOU HAVE ALWAYS BOUGHT.

### A Kentucky Couple.

Lucian Lucy and Miss. Laura Fenwick, credited to Christian county, were married in Evansville, Christmas Eve. The parties are not known here.

### QUEER MIX-UP IN MATRIMONY

Three Families in One and Relationships Tangled.

Washington, Pa., Dec. 29.—Bewildering relationships among members of the East Finley township families have resulted from the marriage of a father and his two sons and a widow and her two daughters. The three ceremonies were celebrated within the last two months.

Henry Dillinger, an aged farmer, whose second wife died nearly a year ago, engaged Mrs. Maria Richmond as his housekeeper. It was agreed that the daughters of Mrs. Richmond, Lucy, aged sixteen, and Jennie, aged nineteen, should live in the Dillinger home with the father and his two sons, Charles and David.

After a time the aged father married Lucy Richmond, and the two families continued to occupy the same home. A few weeks after the first marriage Mrs. Richmond became the wife of David Dillinger, the older son.

Jennie Richmond and Charles Dillinger were next stricken with the matrimonial fever and were married last week. The three families now live in the East Finley township home of the elder Dillinger, all apparently happy and contented.

### Tobacco Sold On the Street.

For the first time, as far as recalled, in the history of Lexington a load of loose leaf tobacco was sold on the street today, it being offered in the same way as is other property which is habitually sold on Cheap-side on court day. The sale attracted a large court-day crowd, and the tobacco brought the good price of from twenty to twenty-five cents a pound. The grower had brought it to town to sell at one of the warehouses, but finding there were no sales there to-day, brought it down town and offered it in the street market.—Courier Journal.

### HERE AND THERE

Through the influence of Mr. Geo. R. Newman, agent of the Illinois Central railroad, the company this week donated to the city of Hopkinsville about fifty loads of cinders from its freight yards, which were placed on the new driveway in Riverside Cemetery.

A few Barred Plymouth Rock cockrels for sale at \$1.50 each. Phone 1222 or 94.

Bowling Green's poultry show is in progress this week. C. M. Hill, of this city, sent some of his fine White Plymouth Rocks.

Of the 88 lynchings in the country this year, Kentucky is charged up with seven, four at one time in Russellville.

Doctor J. A. Southall, office Court street, residence 312 South Campbell. Both phones.

Judge Hart, of Nashville, denied bail to D. B. Cooper, Robin Cooper and Jno. D. Sharp, charged with the murder of E. W. Carmack.

Drs. Oldham, Osteopaths, 705 S. Clay St., Hopkinsville, Ky.

A party of rowdies broke up a party in Hopkins county, at Olney, by shooting out the lights and in the fusillade a man named Capps was killed. C. E. Hawkins is under arrest charged with killing Capps.

See J. H. Dagg for contracting, building and general repair work of all kinds. Phone 476.

A Philadelphia newspaper says with evident pride that Philadelphians ate 165,000 turkeys Christmas day worth \$400,000, and used 125,000 Christmas trees that cost \$175,000.

There's always something missing without I. W. HARPER whiskey. It's so old and so extensively used everywhere that we should find it hard to get along without it. Sold by W. R. LONG, Hopkinsville, Ky.

### Kelly Case at Paducah.

The trial of John W. Kelly, of Cadiz, for misappropriation of funds, will be called in the McCracken circuit court next week, on a change of venue. John Kelly, of this city, is the special commonwealth's attorney in charge of the case. Civil suits growing out of the same defalcations were compromised this month.

### Poultry Printing

We have a very large and complete line of poultry cuts and are prepared to do any and all kinds of printing for poultry raisers at low prices.

## HOLLAND'S OPERA HOUSE

FRIDAY, JAN. 8,  
The Dandy  
Dixie Minstrels.

AND THE  
Cotton Pickers' Band  
BEST 40 BEST

See BILLY KERSANDS in the "ESSENCE OF OLE VIRGINY." The New York City Big Minstrel Hit.

WATCH FOR THE PARADE and the noonday and night Band Concerts.

Half lower floor reserved for colored people.

PRICES: Lower floor 50c; Balcony 25c; Gallery 25c.

Why Not Make a  
New Resolution

—TO BUY—

The Best Coal

And if you want The Best  
let me put you in

The Kentucky  
Diamond.

Fred Jackson,  
Gasoline & Coal Dealer.

Cumb Phone 59. Home Phone 1569.

Forbes Old Coal Yd

Wanted!

GOOD FAT  
Turkeys, Turkeys,  
Turkeys.

Delivered Not Later  
Than Dec. 15th, '08.

Call, Write or Phone Us  
for Prices.

The Haydon  
Produce Co.

HERBERT L. HAYDON, Mgr.

Cumb. Phone 26-3; Home 1322.

East 9th St. Near L. & N. Depot

If You Buy It Of Skarry It's Good

THE EDISON  
PHONOGRAPH.

A gift appreciated by all, from the baby up, from Christmas day on throughout the year and in other years.

Have you heard the new Amber Records? They play four minutes. Come in early before the last-minute folks crowd the store. You can buy now for Christmas delivery.

A Fine Line of Bright Snappy  
New Goods For the Holidays.

JAS. H. SKARRY,  
THE NINTH STREET  
JEWELER AND OPTICIAN.

Watch Inspector L. & N. E. R.

Always Your Money's Worth.



## THOS. CALE, OF ALASKA, MEMBER OF U. S. CONGRESS

Well Known on the Pacific Slope. His Washington Address is 1312 9th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.



CONGRESSMAN THOS. CALE.

Hon. Thos. Cale, who was elected to Congress from Alaska, is well known on the Pacific slope, where he has resided. His Washington address is 1312 9th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Washington, D. C.  
Peruna Drug Co., Columbus, Ohio.  
Gentlemen: I can cheerfully recommend Peruna as a very efficient remedy for coughs and colds.

Thomas Cale.

Hon. C. Slemp, Congressman from Virginia, writes: "I have used your valuable remedy, Peruna, with beneficial results, and can unhesitatingly recommend your remedy as an invigorating tonic and an effective and permanent cure for catarrh."

Man-a-lin the Ideal Laxative.  
Ask your Druggist for a Free Peruna Almanac for 1909.

### Sale Postponed.

On account of rain yesterday morning Mrs. Keegan's auction sale of her millinery stock was postponed until this morning at 10 o'clock.

## A Holiday Necessity A BOX OF



Give us your order now as we have only a limited number of boxes.

Cook & Higgins.

## An Innovation in Sterling Silver!

"There is nothing new under the sun," so says the old maxim! The brilliant exception which proves the rule is the famous

Colonial Sterling Silver!

The "Colonial" is a beautiful and distinctive table service. It has weight, strength and character and is shown in great variety by

M. D. KELLY,  
THE OLD RELIABLE JEWELER  
Main St. Opp. Court House.

### STILL A BABY,

Though She Has Arrived at  
the Mature Age of 23.

The experiment of treating with thyroid extract a girl physically and mentally undeveloped has had remarkable success. The patient, Mildred Hart, although 23 years old, had the development of a child of only 5 years, and was 33 inches tall. Her teeth were the same as a child's, her skin cold and harsh, and her features were undeveloped.

The soft spot on the top of a baby's head could be felt on hers. She had no appetite and was mentally unobservant.

This continued to October last. A physician then diagnosing the absence of the thyroid secretion took charge of the case. He administered 12½ grains of extract of the thyroid glands daily. The patient has now grown two and a half inches. Her skin is moist and warm, her face is considerably developed, and she has cut several new teeth. She is constantly hungry.

The most wonderful change, however, is in her mental condition. She has become extraordinarily loquacious, using a vocabulary she could not have acquired in two months, which shows that she unconsciously listened to and stored up words without the power of employing them.—London Cor. New York Sun.

### ELECTED GRADER

And Adjourned For Another  
Meeting Jan. 4.

The Farmers Mutual Tobacco Association met yesterday at the Court house with an attendance of about 70 and on account of the inclement weather it was decided to adjourn until Monday Jan. 4, at one o'clock.

Gus K. Stevens was elected official grader and salesman for the new Association.

W. T. Tandy was also elected Treasurer.

Don't think that piles can't be cured. Thousands of obstinate cases have been cured by Doan's Ointment. 50 cents at any drug store.

### Night Riders Confessing.

Paducah, Ky., Dec. 28.—Night riders by the wholesale are said to have confessed to the officers recently, but their names are kept secret by the various county attorneys, owing to the fact that convictions could not be secured at present, and the witnesses would be in danger.

We have the reputation of being the quickest payers of losses.

HIGGINS & SON.

### Night Riders in Calloway.

Murray, Ky., Dec. 28.—Night riders destroyed the stable of Mr. Owen, of this county. He is a banker here and a law and order leader. It is the second fire on his place in a week.

WANTED—Second hand bags and burlap, any kind, any quantity, anywhere; we pay freight. Richmond Bag Co., incorporated, Richmond, Va.

### Georgia Triplets.

The wife of Ambrose A. Calhoun, of Columbus, Ga., recently gave birth to three very little girls.

The father is 82 years old. He married their mother, his second wife twenty-nine years ago, when she was a country lass of thirteen summers. The triplets lived long enough to be named Lonie, Donie and Lavonia.

### Do you Need a Bond?

As agent for the Empire State Surety Company, of New York, I am now in position to make the bond of any county, district or city official, trustee, administrator, commissioner, employee or any one else who is required to give a bond of any kind.

This is one of the best bonding Companies in the country, and its prices are very reasonable.

J. Walker Knight, Atty.  
Court Street.

400,000 Sold.

Reports indicate that 400,000 Christmas stamps were sold in Kentucky realizing \$4,000 for the anti-tuberculosis fund.

Place your property for sale or rent with Higgins & Son, they will give you a square deal.

## Personal Gossip

A. D. Witherspoon and family have returned from a visit to relatives at Columbia, Tenn.

Mrs. W. H. Everett and Miss Florence Buchanan are visiting at Pembroke.

W. H. Harton and wife, of Russellville, who spent a week with their son, H. L. Harton, will return home this morning.

O. B. Keach, of Hopkinsville, is spending the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Willingham and family on the Air Line road.—Henderson Gleaner.

Lieut. and Mrs. N. W. Riley, who are visiting Capt. J. W. Riley at Newstead, were in town Tuesday. Lieut. Riley has a three-months furlough from the U. S. A.

Mrs. J. M. Howe, of Nashville, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Henderson.

Mrs. M. P. G. Hillman has returned to Napier, Tenn.

Mrs. M. G. Rust is visiting her sister, Mrs. Hatcher, in New Providence.

Mrs. Mayme Duncan is visiting friends in Henderson.

Bob Cook, of Frankfort, blew in this week.

Mr. T. C. Underwood attended the mid-winter meeting of the K. P. A., at Louisville, Tuesday.

Mrs. A. G. Warfield and little sister, Miss Louise Wood, are visiting relatives in Clarksville.

Mr. and Mrs. Feland Clark returned yesterday from a brief visit to Dawson.

Mrs. Roy P. Churchill, of Elizabethtown, is visiting relatives in the city.

Miss Alice West is visiting in Evansville.

Miss Mary Jones is visiting friends in Milwaukee, Wis.

Miss Florence Duncan is visiting friends in Cadiz.

Will Forbes, who is attending Culver Institute in Illinois, came home for the holidays.

Dr. Joe Wall, who is a student in Vanderbilt Medical department, is at home this week.

Mr. R. C. Hardwick, of Owensboro, was in town yesterday for a short while, on business.

John, James and Elizabeth Breathitt, children of Attorney General James Breathitt, of Frankfort, are spending the holidays with relatives here.

A. M. Cooper and sister, Miss Ruth, have gone to Dade City, Fla., to spend the winter.

Mr. Hugh Lyon, of Eddyville, Ky., was here yesterday to attend the meeting of the Farmers Mutual Association. He said the feeling of discontent in Lyon county was increasing and nothing would satisfy the members of the Planters Association but an opportunity to sell the 1908 crop loose.

## AMUSEMENTS.

The evolution of the Ethiopian entertainment brings the art of colored minstrelsy to the acme of its profession in the performance given by the Dandy Dixie Minstrels, who will be seen at Holland's Opera House on Friday, Jan. 8.

The Dandy Dixie Minstrels comprises thirty stars of the black face art, headed by Billy Kersands, a supremely funny minstrel monologist and all-round comedian; Campbell & Meaux, sketch team and character delineators of the funny kind; Montrose Douglass, the champion trick bicyclist; Prince, the most versatile of all colored performers, skilled in manipulation of hoops, walking wires, magic, and a great trombone virtuoso; Jim Crosby, the elongated comedian and eccentric dancer; Buddy Jones, a picaninny dancing marvel; Manzy Campbell, soft shoe dancing champion; the Dixie Rangers Quartette; superb orchestra and the famous Cotton Pickers' Band, under the leadership of Alonzo Montgomery, the Black Creator.

The first part is replete with the latest and sweetest of songs and ballads—mingled with the old-time songs of the South—and dances such as can be rendered only by the real darky.

### ATTACK ON EWING.

Myles Spoke and So Did  
Glover and Allen.

J. T. Myles attracted a large audience Saturday evening at the court house. His complaints were not about the organization of the Growers' Association, but about the alleged mismanagement of its affairs by General Manager Ewing, who caused the discharge of Mr. Myles as one of the board of graders without pay for service rendered. Mr. Myles said he would sue for about four months' salary. He claimed now to be a friend of the Association and for full pay for the tobacco product of the growers, but, he declared, the Association would have to dump Mr. Ewing as manager if the life of the organization were to be preserved.

He allowed Mr. Wm. Glover, of Springfield, Tenn., and Mr. J. B. Allen, of Montgomery county, Tenn., each a friend to the Association, time to speak. These gentlemen appealed to the growers not to break away, but to stay with the Association and reap the benefits of the future profitable sales, as they have of good prices obtained through it for the past four crops.

Mr. Myles appeared at the last and made a few other remarks and answered questions of friends in a way that might or might not have been beneficial to his cause of action.—Mayfield Mirror.

Go to Higgins & Son if you want to buy or sell real estate.

### TOBACCO CROP

Negro Woman Got \$1.19 For  
the Product of Her Patch.

Cadiz, Ky., Dec. 28.—So far, Trigg county holds the record on the smallest crop of tobacco yet reported from the Black Patch. Emma Roach, an old colored woman living just outside of town, delivered her crop of tobacco to one of the prizing houses here last fall tied up in a bed quilt. It consisted of twenty pounds of low-grade tobacco. It was prized and delivered to the storage house, the prizing charges being 15 cents. The crop of tobacco was sold recently, and the storage house charges were 6 cents, and a check was mailed to Emma for \$1.19, the amount due her after all charges had been paid.

Out of this same crop of tobacco, before the formation of the association, she would have realized not over 30 cents.

### SCHOOL MARMS.

Have the Right to Thrash  
Obstreperous Kids.

Frankfort, Ky., Dec. 29.—Kentucky "schoolmarms" have the right to inflict corporal punishment under the law of the state in order to maintain discipline among their pupils, is an opinion delivered to Superintendent of Public Instruction J. G. Crabbe, by Attorney General Breathitt.

Judge William Carroll, of New-castle, recently published a card stating that it was against the law to whip a child in school for disobedience, and so many parents besieged Crabbe with letters requesting to know the correctness of the opinion that he had to refer the matter to the attorney general.

### CYNTHIANA TROOPS

Relieve the Hartford Compa-  
ny at Eddyville.

Frankfort, Dec. 29.—Night-riding talk was revived here when a car loaded with soldiers from the Cynthiana company passed through here, attached to the morning west bound L. and N. train. The soldiers were bound for Eddyville and there were rumors of raids by the night riders and all sorts of wild talk.

The soldiers were on their way to Eddyville to relieve the Hartford company, which has been on duty for some time. Nothing new has developed in Lyon county, but a small detachment of soldiers is still kept on duty in Western Kentucky, and it was thought better to give the Hartford company a rest. The Cynthiana company was ordered to replace the veterans.

### For Sale at a Bargain.

Scholarship in one of the best Business Universities of the South. Good for any department. Address this office.

## An Inexpensive and Pleasing Christmas Gift.

A Box of Handsomely Assorted Fashion-  
able Colors of the Famous

## Interwoven TOE AND HEEL REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. HALF-HOSE

"Strong Where Others  
Are Weak."

Fine Texture, Permanent Silk-lustre.  
Perfect Fit. Marvelous Wearing  
Qualities.

Only \$1.50  
The Half-Dozen Box.

Hundreds of other articles equally  
as appropriate for Christmas  
presents. Give us a call

J. T. Wall & Co.

## BRACKROGGE BROTHERS

... HANDLE ...

Pure Whiskies,  
Brandies and Wines

For Medical  
And Family Use.

Orders Delivered to Any Part of the City.

PHONES: Home 1318; Cumb. 134.

NO. 11, E. 7th Street.

L. B. CORNETT, Prime Mgr.

ELLIE BRAME, Receiver

J. R. BRAME & SON,

Association Prizing House,

Cor. 15th Street and Canton Pike.

Cumb Phone 352.

We are prepared to Strip and Prize tobacco to the very best advantage, and solicit the patronage of the members of the Planters' Protective Association. Any tobacco entrusted to us will receive our personal attention. Tobacco delivered to any storage house you desire.

LIBERAL ADVANCES ON TOBACCO IN STORE

## Don't Forget

When your newspaper and magazine subscriptions expire to  
RENEW them with

R. J. Carothers, Jr. Subscription Agency

and save from 50c to \$2.00. Why order through a foreign agency when you have one near by that will handle any order just as cheap? Should you have another agency's catalogue at home select your order and call me at 705 or 339 Cumberland and I will handle same with no extra expense to you.

Room 1, Hopper Bldg. Main Street.



## Hopkinsville Market.

Corrected Tuesday Dec. 2, 1908.

## GROCERIES.

[THESE ARE RETAIL PRICES.]

Apples, per peck, 25c and 50.  
 Beans, white, per gal. 50c.  
 Coffee, Arbuckle's, per lb. 24c.  
 Coffee, roasted, 15c to 35c.  
 Coffee, green, 12 1/2c to 25c.  
 Tea, green, per lb. 60 to \$1.  
 Tea, black, per lb. 40c to \$1.  
 Cheese, cream, 25c lb., straight  
 Edam, \$1.25.  
 Roquefort, 50c lb.  
 Sugar, granulated, 15 lbs., \$1.00.  
 Sugar light brown, 18 lbs., \$1.00.  
 Sugar, dark brown, 20 lbs., \$1.00.  
 Sugar, Cuba, 14 lbs. for \$1.00.  
 Sugar, XXXX, 14 lbs. for \$1.00.  
 Flour, patent, per bbl., \$5.50.  
 Flour, family, per bbl., \$5.20.  
 Graham, 12 lb., sack 40c.  
 Meat, per bushel, \$1.10.  
 Molasses, per lb. 5c.  
 Oats, 20c gallon.  
 Oat Flakes, package, 10 to 15c.  
 Oat Flakes, bulk, 5c lb.

## VEGETABLES.

Irish potatoes, per peck, 25c.  
 Cabbage, new, 25c.  
 Onions, per peck 30c.  
 Turnips, peck, 20c.  
 Celery, 5c and 10c a bunch.

## CANNED GOODS.

Corn, per doz. cans, \$1.00 to \$1.50.  
 Tomatoes, 12 cans, \$1.00 to \$1.50.  
 Peas, from 10c to 30c per can.  
 Hominy, 10c per can.  
 Beans, per can, 10c.  
 Kidney Beans, 10c can.  
 Lima Beans, per can, 10c.  
 Korona, per can, 10c.  
 Squash, per can, 10c.  
 Peaches, 10c to 40c per can.  
 Apricots, per can, 25c to 75c.  
 Pineapples, per can, 10c to 35c.  
 Raisins, 10c and 15c package.  
 Raisins, layer, 15c lb.  
 Evaporated Peaches, 10c to 20c lb.  
 Evaporated Apples, 10c lb.  
 Evaporated Apricots, 12 1/2 to 20c lb.  
 Prunes, 10c to 15c per lb.

## COUNTRY PRODUCE

Hams, country, per lb., 15c.  
 Packers' hams, per lb., 15c.  
 Shoulders, per lb., 10c.  
 Sides, per lb., 12 1/2c.  
 Lard, per lb., 12 1/2c.  
 Eggs, per dozen, 25c.  
 Honey per lb., 12 1/2c.

## Wholesale Prices.

## POULTRY.

Eggs, 24c doz. Hens, 5c lb.  
 Roosters per lb. 3c.  
 Young Chickens, 7c per lbs.  
 Turkeys, fat, per lb., 10 1/2c.  
 Ducks, per lb., 6c.  
 Full feather geese, per doz \$4.00.

## GRAIN.

No. 2 Northern mixed oats per bushel, 65c; No. 1 Timothy hay, per ton, \$18.00; No. 2 Timothy hay, per ton, \$12.00; No. 1 Clover Hay, per ton, \$10.00; Mixed Clover Hay.

## POULTRY, EGGS AND BUTTER.

Prices paid by wholesale dealers to the producers and dairymen:  
 Live Poultry—Hens, per lb., 6c.  
 Butter—Packing stock per lb. 14c.

## ROOTS, HIDES, WOOL AND TALLOW.

Prices paid by wholesale dealers to butchers and farmers:  
 Roots—Southern ginseng, \$5.00 lb.  
 "Golden Seal" yellow root, \$1.00 lb.  
 Mayapple, 2c; pink root, 12c and 13c.  
 Tallow—No. 1, 4c; No. 2, 3c.  
 Wool—Burry 5 to 17c; Clean 17c Medium, 15c; Washed, 20c to 27c; coarse, dingy unwashed, 18c to 23c.

Feathers—Prime white goose 5c; dark and mixed old goose, 15c to 30c; gray mixed, 15c to 30c; white duck, 20 to 10c.  
 Hides and Skins—These quotations are for Kentucky hides. Southern green hides 8 1/2c. We quote assorted lots; dry flint 12c to 14c.

## Engine For Sale.

For sale, a good second hand gasoline engine, 2 1/2 horse power. Fairbanks-Morse make, overhauled and in good running order. Will sell at a great bargain. May be seen at

H. H. McGREW, Machine Shop.  
 Corner 8th and Clay Sts.

## MADAME DEAN'S FRENCH FEMALE PILLS.

A SAFE, CERTAIN REMEDY FOR SUPPRESSING MENSTRUATION. NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL. (See Testimonial.) Sold by all druggists. Price, 50c per box. Will send them on trial for 10c. Write for circular. Sample Free. If you do not like them return them to the manufacturer. UNITED MEDICAL CO., BOX 74, LANGSTON, PA.  
 Sold in Hopkinsville by the Anderson-Fowler Drug Co.

Incorporated.

## DR. EDWARDS' SPECIALTY

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.  
 Free Test Made for Glasses.  
 Up State—Pharmaceutical, State St.

## Shirley's Surprise.

By Martha Cobb Sanford.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

Shirley was superintending the annual charity bazaar and putting her whole incalculable, magnanimous soul into the task, but that was Shirley every time.

And she had what she termed a "perfectly, splendidly unique" idea for this particular bazaar. As soon as she thought of it she called up each of the other girls on the committee by telephone to tell them about it.

"Perfectly impossible," one said.

"Too much work," complained another.

"Fine," agreed a third, "and just like you, Shirley. But you'll have to put it through yourself. All the rest of us have more than we can do now."

And so, a bit chagrined, but quite undaunted, Shirley proceeded "to put it through."

She had just executed her first victorious stroke when she came face to face with Philip Evans—that is, their machines met before a smart sporting goods establishment.

"You look as fresh as a morning glory, Shirley," was Philip's greeting as he sprang from his car and helped Shirley from hers. "How do you do it—with a whole charity bazaar on your hands?"

"Just come in her with me a minute, Philip, and I'll show you," Shirley answered, laughing.

Once inside the shop, Shirley asked for the proprietor. No one else would do, she said. When that pompous gentleman saw who it was demanding his exclusive personal attention his expression of annoyance underwent an instantaneous metamorphosis.

To Philip's intense amusement he fairly beamed upon Shirley. But, then,



"I've already bought this one."

every one beamed upon Shirley, for that matter, and Shirley beamed upon every one in return, or possibly it was just the other way round.

"You see, Mr. Brown, we're going to have a charity bazaar," she began, smiling so captivatingly as she did so that her victim quite overlooked the fatality of the announcement. "And you have such perfectly charming and unusual things here that I knew you would be delighted to give us just one or two small articles to help us out." Mr. Brown managed to tuck an acquiescent smile in edgewise as Shirley, seating herself in a reclining bamboo porch chair, announced: "Yes, we'd like this, I'm sure. It's delightfully comfortable. And, oh, that lovely tan Gloucester hammock! We must have that. Come over here and try it with me, Philip."

Philip obeyed without a moment's hesitation, although conscious that the eyes of several spruce young clerks were watching himself and Shirley as they sat like two children swinging side by side.

"And that will be all, Mr. Brown," Shirley announced munificently, jumping out on the fly, as it were, "just that chair and this hammock. You see, I've let you off very easy. I can't tell you exactly what we want them for. That's a secret, but it will be a splendid advertisement, and if they aren't sold, why, we'll send them back to you."

Mr. Brown, with many smiles and a sweeping bow, acknowledged himself pleased and honored to be of service.

"And I haven't asked you to buy a single ticket, Mr. Brown," Shirley reminded him generously.

Mr. Brown immediately put his hand into his pocket.

"No, thank you just as much," declined Shirley prettily; "but you see, Mrs. Brown bought half a dozen yesterday."

"Shirley," Philip remonstrated soberly when they were on the sidewalk, "haven't you any conscience whatever?" But at Shirley's expression of absolute incomprehension Philip burst out laughing. "What are you going to do with the things anyway?" he asked, helping her into her automobile.

"That's my surprise," Shirley answered. "You'll see when you come to the bazaar. By the way, how many tickets do you want?"

Philip opened his billfold and slowly drew out six.

"Won't these be sufficient to let me in?" he asked teasingly.

"Where did you get them, Philip?" flashed Shirley.

"Oh, from two or three respectable sources," he answered indifferently.

"Well, here are six more," said

announced defiantly. "I saved them for purpose for you, Philip, so you'll have to take them. Now, you mustn't detain me a minute longer. I've got loads of other places to go to. See you at the bazaar."

"But I can't call before," began Philip, abruptly tearing in two several small pieces of blue cardboard. "No, you can't," interrupted Shirley, laughing. "I'm too busy. If you need any more tickets, Philip, let me know. Goodbye."

The bazaar opened with a blaze of social glory and continued its triumphant career for one entire week.

The center of attraction was "Shirley Burnett's little portable house," as it came to be called before the bazaar was half over. There it stood at one end of the long hall, immaculate and dainty in its coat of white and yellow, defying any one to find fault with it and inviting every one to come in for the small price of 5 cents.

Every one wanted to go in and remain to exclaim over its coziness. Not a corner of it was left unexplored. From the little living room with its artistic wicker furnishings to the diminutive kitchen with its miniature cook stove and shining rows of brand new pans and kettles.

And nearly every one lingered long enough to have tea, which Shirley served out on the porch with just as gracious hospitality as if she weren't charging the exorbitant sum of 15 cents a cup for it. The little portable house proved a most paying proposition.

And when the very last night of the bazaar it was put up at auction there were spirited bidding and much excitement.

"Four hundred and ninety dollars—four hundred and ninety dollars," called the auctioneer impressively.

"For this beautiful little house with all its furnishings complete. Come, gentlemen. Some one make it five hundred. Going, going—five hundred, do I hear? Thank you, sir. Gone at five hundred to the gentleman over there on my right. Will he please step forward and give his name?"

Shirley, who had been watching the scene from a window of the living room, suddenly disappeared as the crowd parted to give the purchaser right of way.

A few minutes later Philip Evans found her sitting on the kitchen table making pathetic little dabs at suspiciously red eyes.

"Why, Shirley Burnett!" he exclaimed. "What's the matter? You ought to be the proudest girl in the world."

"Well, I'm not," Shirley answered disconsolately. "I'm the most miserable. I can't bear to think of any one else having this little house. I want it myself. I just love it. Don't you think the porch is the cutest thing you ever saw, Philip? Can't you just imagine sitting out on it away off somewhere in the moonlight?"

Philip nodded. Somehow he couldn't trust himself to speak.

"And the dear little living room— isn't it the budgiest little room you ever saw, Philip?"

Philip wasn't quite sure what "budgiest" meant, but he nodded again.

"And as for this little toy kitchen," Shirley ended dramatically, patting a nearby saucepan affectionately. "I adore everything in it! Don't you, Philip?"

"Everything," answered Philip solemnly. "and you, sweetheart, most of all. Oh, Shirley, can't you say the same?"

For a moment Shirley looked at him as if dozed. Then, her eyes sparkling with happiness and her cheeks growing rosier and rosier, she said softly and slowly, "I adore everything in this little kitchen, and you, sweetheart, most of all."

"You're quite sure, dearest," Philip questioned a few minutes later as, at Shirley's request, he held up the little kitchen mirror while she rearranged her much rumpled hair, "that you love me just as much as you love the little house?"

"It's your deadliest rival, Philip," she answered playfully. "But just to prove to you that it won't count any more I—I'll congratulate whoever bought it. There, I couldn't say more. Who is he?"

"You don't know?" gasped Philip, unable to believe his ears.

"I don't want to see the monster," explained Shirley. "Just as soon as I heard that fatal word 'Gone!' I ran out here, where you found me. Philip," she broke off excitedly, "I have the grandest inspiration! Let you and me get another house just like this and spend our honeymoon in it. I think I could get one quite cheap for you."

"But, you see," confided Philip meekly. "I've already bought this one."

"Why, Philip Evans!" exclaimed Shirley, hugging him hard. "I don't believe it. Aren't you a love?"

## An English Opinion.

"London is full of foreigners," writes a correspondent of the London Chronicle, "and you may detect them in many infallible ways. But nothing perhaps displays a man's nationality more surely than the way he eats. You may tell an Englishman, meet him where you may, by the fact that he grasps his fork firmly in his left hand and keeps it there instead of transferring it to his right hand as soon as his food is cut up. You can tell a Frenchman by his wise disregard of fish knives and salt spoons. As for Americans—well, it is amusing to read of Benjamin Franklin's visit to Paris in 1777 and of the horror of the ladies of the court when he fell upon asparagus with hands and teeth and of their correspondent disdain when he failed to treat a mackerel in the same way, but ate it delicately with a knife and fork. They also professed disgust at his love for an egg broken broken tumbler."

## SOUTHERN RAILWAY

Has On Sale

FIRST AND THIRD TUESDAYS  
 OF EACH MONTH  
 Home-seekers Tickets

At Very Low Rates

To The  
 WEST AND SOUTHWEST.

Write,

A. R. COOK, D. P. A.  
 B. S. YENT, T. P. A.  
 LOUISVILLE, KY.

## CARLSBAD OF AMERICA

French Lick and West Baden  
 Springs, Ind.

Now reached by direct line of the  
 Southern Railway.

Leave Evansville 7:20 a.m. 2:20 p.m.  
 " Rockport 7:15 a.m. 2:15 p.m.  
 " Cannelton 7:15 a.m. 2:15 p.m.  
 " Tell City 7:25 a.m. 2:22 p.m.  
 " Troy 7:35 a.m. 2:32 p.m.  
 Ar. French Lick 10:20 a.m. 5:45 p.m.  
 Ar. West Baden 10:30 a.m. 5:55 p.m.  
 Daily except Sunday.

## ROUND TRIP RATES—LIMIT 30 DAYS

Evansville to French Lick \$3.16  
 " to West Baden 3.20  
 Rockport to French Lick 2.52  
 " to West Baden 2.56  
 Cannelton to French Lick 2.72  
 " to West Baden 2.76  
 Tell City to French Lick 2.60  
 " to West Baden 2.64  
 Troy to French Lick 2.44  
 " to West Baden 2.48  
 J. C. BEAM, JR., A. G. P. A.,  
 St. Louis, Mo.  
 E. D. STRATTON, P. A.,  
 Evansville, Ind.



## Time Table.

In effect November 22, 1908.

NORTH BOUND.  
 No. 236—Paducah—Cairo  
 Accommodation leaves.....6:40 a.m.  
 No. 302—Evansville and  
 Louisville Ex-  
 press.....11:30 a.m.  
 No. 340—Princeton mixed 6:25 p.m.

SOUTH BOUND.  
 No. 341—Hopkinsville mixed  
 arrives.....10:00 a.m.  
 No. 301—Evansville Express  
 arrives.....6:25 p.m.  
 No. 321—Evansville—Hopkinsville—  
 Louisville Mail,  
 arrives.....3:50 p.m.

G. R. Newman, Agent



## TIME TABLE.

## TRAINS GOING NORTH

No. 52—St. Louis Express, 10:05 a.m.  
 No. 54—St. L. Fast Mail, 10:23 p.m.  
 No. 92—C. & St. L. Lim., 6:06 a.m.  
 No. 56—Hopkinsville Ac. 8:55 p.m.  
 No. 94—Dixie Flyer, 5:53 p.m.

## TRAINS GOING SOUTH

No. 51—St. L. Express 5:32 p.m.  
 No. 53—St. L. Fast Mail 5:35 a.m.  
 No. 93—C. & N. O. Lim. 11:50 p.m.  
 No. 55—Hopkinsville Ac. 7:05 a.m.  
 No. 95—Dixie Flyer, 9:43 a.m.  
 No. 52 and 54 connect at St. Louis and other points West.  
 No. 53 connects at Gutierrez for Memphis, La. and as far south as Brin and for Louisville, Cincinnati and the East.  
 No. 53 and 55 make direct connection at Evansville for Louisville, Cincinnati and all points north and east thereof. No. 53 and 55 also connect for Memphis and way points.  
 No. 92 runs through to Chicago and will carry passengers to point South of Evansville. Also carries through sleepers to St. Louis.  
 No. 93, through sleepers to Atlanta, Macon, Jacksonville, St. Augustine and Tampa, Fla. Also Pullman sleepers to New Orleans. Connects at Gutierrez for points East and West. No. 93 also carries local passengers for points North of Nashville, Tenn.

## FOR SALE!

HORSES

AND

MULES.



We keep constantly on hand all kinds of well broken horses and mules for sale. Can supply your wants in first class saddle and harness horses, as well as reliable family horses, and can furnish you with the best mules on the market. We guarantee everything that leaves our barn to be just as represented. Call to see us before purchasing elsewhere. We have come to stay, for that reason we will endeavor to please you.

LAYNE &amp; MASON.

## Up to Specifications.

Our work is always up to the specifications, and our prices always square. There is never any slighting of the workmanship or substituting inferior materials, where they won't show, but which sooner or later will cause you trouble. We give honest values and we expect fair pay. You will make no mistake no mistake in patronizing us on good plumbing work.

Cumb. Phone, 950, Home 1371.



All Kinds of Stoves Repaired.

## HUGH McSHANE, THE PLUMBER.

## When You Visit Nashville

STOP AT

## THE NEW CENTRAL HOTEL.

The most centrally located hotel in the city; on Sixth Ave., North, near corner of Church street. All cars from Union station pass within two doors of the house. Delightful Rooms, Splendid Table and all the comforts of home. No better place for shoppers. Fine double rooms for convention parties. Within 2 blocks of capitol.

## RATES REASONABLE.

Special Rates to Parties of Four or More.

Dining Room in charge of Mrs. O. G. Hille, formerly of Hopkinsville, Ky.

## WHERE HEALTH AND PLEASURE MAY BE FOUND!

DAWSON SPRINGS, KY.

## HOTEL - ARCADIA.

THE waters are world wide in the celebrity. The Hotel with a capacity to take care of 200 people, is situated on the Kentucky Division of the I. C. R. R. about 200 feet from the railroad station, surrounded by a beautiful maple grove. The old chalybeate well is in the yard, and the celebrated salts well about 100 yards from the Hotel. The wells are owned by the Hotel Arcadia and the guests of the Hotel have free access to them. Music is furnished by a String Band during the entire season.

## ....RATES....

\$2.00 per Day. \$10.00 per Week. \$35.00 per Month

Children 10 Years and Under \$5.00 per Week.

Nurses and Maids \$1.00 per Day.

For further particulars apply to

N. M. HOLMAN & CO., Hotel Arcadia,  
 Dawson Springs, - - - Kentucky.

## Two Hundred Thousand Families.

The intellectual aristocracy of America,  
 have one rule in magazine buying—  
 "The Review of Reviews first,  
 because it is a necessity"



SEND FOR A SAMPLE COPY

A MAGAZINE LIBRARY IN ONE MAGAZINE

## The Review of Reviews

Has attained a larger subscription list than any magazine that deals wholly with serious subjects and is accepted as the best periodical to keep one up with the times. It is non-partisan.

## NEITHER MUCK-RAKES NOR HIDES FACTS

With Dr. Albert Shaw's monthly "Progress of the World," with the cartoon history of the month, with the timely contributed articles on just the questions you are interested in, with the best things picked out of all the other magazines of the world for you, with the character sketches of the notable people of the moment—you can keep it intelligently up with the times at a minimum cost of time, money and money.

## YOU MUST SEE OUR BOOK OF MAGAZINE BARGAINS

Before ordering for next year. It contains forty pages of special offers, including all the leading magazines and periodicals. It will show you how to save money on your Christmas buying. This interesting and money-saving catalogue is FREE.

The Review of Reviews Company, 13 Astor Place, New York



## FROM LEFT TO RIGHT.

Is the Habit a Legacy From the Old Sun Worshipers?

The halfback, about to be tackled, stepped, then darted in a curve toward the right. He was soon downed.

The other side knew he would turn from left to right," said a veteran. "We all turn from left to right. To turn from right to left seems wrong, seems like reversing. We wind a watch from left to right, we turn a screw so, and so we write, and so we read.

"It all comes down to us from prehistoric times, from the sun worshipers. The sun moves from left to right, and its worshipers believed that all human actions must proceed accordingly. Well, they still do so.

"Churning is done as the sun moves, and there's a superstition that one reverse turn of the handle will spoil the butter.

"Cooks stir batter from left to right. A reversal, they say, would make the batter coarse and heavy.

"Shut your eyes and turn thrice. Don't you naturally instinctively turn from left to right?

"Whalers put back again if the ship's first movement at the beginning of the voyage is not from left to right. "In a subconscious way, you see, sun worship is still the religion of man."—Exchange.

## THE CANNON ROARED.

How an Ovation by a Youthful Demosthenes Was Spoiled.

While campaigning in his home state Speaker Cannon was once inveigled into visiting the public schools of a town where he was billed to speak.

In one of the lower grades an ambitious teacher called upon a youthful Demosthenes to entertain the distinguished visitor with an exhibition of amateur oratory. The selection attempted was Hyrcus' "Battle of Waterloo," and just as the boy reached the end of the first paragraph Speaker Cannon suddenly gave vent to a violent sneeze.

"But hush, hark," declaimed the youngster—"a deep sound strikes like a rising knell! Did ye hear it?"

The visitors smiled, and a moment later the second sneeze—which the speaker was vainly trying to hold back—came with increased violence.

"But, hark!" (bawled the boy)—"that heavy sound breaks in once more. And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before! Arm! Arm! It is the cannon's opening roar!"

This was too much, and the laugh that broke from the party swelled to a roar when Uncle Joe chuckled: "Put up your weapons, children. I won't shoot any more."—Success Magazine.

## The Division of Time.

The division of time into hours was practiced among the Babylonians from remote antiquity, but it was Hipparchus, the philosopher, who introduced the Babylonian hour into Europe. The sexagesimal system of notation was chosen by that ancient people because there is no number having so many divisions as sixty. The Babylonians divided the daily journey of the sun, the ruler of the day, into twenty-four parasangs. Each parasang, or hour, was subdivided into sixty minutes, and that again into sixty seconds. They compared the progress made by the sun during one hour at the time of the equinox to the progress made by a good walker in the same period of time, both covering one parasang, and the course of the sun during the full equinoctial day was fixed at twenty-four parasangs.

## Kissing the Hands.

The practice of kissing the hands was instituted by the early Roman rulers as a mark of subjection as much as one of respect, and under the first Caesars the custom was kept up, but only for a time. These worthies conceived the idea that the proper homage due to their exalted station called for less familiar modes of obeisance, so the privilege of kissing the emperor's hand was reserved as a special mark of condescension or distinction for officers of high rank. Roman fathers considered the practice of kissing of so delicate a nature that they never kissed their wives in the presence of their daughters.

## What She Inherited.

"Of course I can do manicuring just as well with my left hand," said the left handed manicurist—"better, if anything. You don't know the difference if you've been born that way, if you have inherited it.

"Didn't know it was a matter of inheritance. Why, certainly it is. No, left handedness, not manicuring. My father, grandfather and great-grandfather were all left handed, and so were ten cousins of mine."—Exchange.

## Happy Hunting Ground.

She—When a woman wants a husband, you don't suppose she goes and looks in a club for one, do you? He—Well, if she's a married woman the chances are that she does.—Yonkers Statesman.

## Not a Free Agent.

Asked when he was married, the colored citizen replied, "All I know, sah, is dat it wuz des w'en she 'lowed she'd git me—fer de minute."—Atlanta Constitution.

## Upbriester.

Knicker—The fashionable woman's figure is like a shawl.

Bocker—While the mistress, bolster and pillows are worn on the head.—New York Sun.

He who conceals his joys is greater than he who can hide his grief.—L...

## Origin of Ozons.

According to Messrs. Henrier and Bonyass, ozone is produced by the ultra violet rays of the sun in the upper atmosphere, and the amount contained in the air near the ground increases when air currents descend from the upper regions. Sometimes also it increases during rains. It has been observed that there is a reduction of the proportion of carbonic acid in the air when the amount of ozone increases. This is regarded as an indirect effect due to dilution of the lower air by the purer air descending from above.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

## An Important Omission.

A countryman was visiting in Chicago one summer and decided to buy a new panama hat. Going into a store, he asked the price of one that looked good to him.

The clerk replied, "Fifteen dollars." Whereat the countryman asked, "Where are the holes?"

The clerk appeared bewildered for a moment, but managed to ask, "What holes?"

The countryman replied, "The holes for the ears of the ass that would pay \$15 for a hat like that."—Judge's L...

Bilious? Feel heavy after dinner? Tongue coated? Bitter taste? Complexion sallow? Liver needs waking up. Doan's Regulates cure bilious attacks. 25 cents at any drug store.

## Home Life in Spain.

One of the prettiest things in home life all over Spain is the natural and kindly way in which the servants are made a part of the family. In the don's house the little maids often take part in the conversation, speak to the guests and ask them to stay longer, and even the porters and kitchen visitors pop their red capped heads into the door to say the Spanish equivalent for "Howdy" to the family, just as old negroes do in the southern states.—Ellen Maury Slayden in Century.

## CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

## By a Modern Aesop.

In the days when children understood the language of everything a boy was telling his troubles to the eggs.

"They always beat me," he complained, "unless I am good."

"They will not beat us," observed the eggs, "unless we are good."

Moral.—There must be some mistake in those jokes about omelets.—Baltimore American.

"Generally debilitated for years, Had sick headaches, lacked ambition, was worn out and all run down, Burdock Blood Bitters made me a well woman."—Mrs. Chas. Freitoy, Moosup, Conn.

## Rebuking the Doctor.

Doctor (weary with unsuccessful efforts to cure patient)—Well, I've just one more remedy to try in your case, and if this doesn't help you nothing will.

Patient—Why didn't you frankly tell me that in the first place, doctor? If nothing will help me, I could have taken that at the start and saved the expense of your attentions.—Boston Transcript.

## CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

## Walk Hand in Hand.

Pride is the never-failing vice of fools.—Pope.

## SOUTHERN RAILWAY

### HAS ON SALE

### Homeseekers' Tickets

—TO—

### West and Southwest

### FIRST AND THIRD TUESDAYS IN EACH MONTH

### THE SHORTEST AND BEST LINE

—TO—

### St. Louis and West

Write to the following, advising our destination and date you will leave and you will be furnished with complete information:

A. R. COOK, D.P.A., Louisville, Ky.

H. C. KING, C.T.A., Lexington, Ky.

J. F. LOGAN, T.P.A., Louisville, Ky.

J. C. BEAM, Jr., A. G. P. A., St. Louis, Mo.

## VOLCANOES.

They Are Not Burning Mountains as We Understand That Term.

"What are volcanoes?" Nine out of every ten persons would immediately have an answer of some sort to the question above, for have they not a lively remembrance of having learned in their schoolbooks that "a volcano is a burning mountain, from the summit of which are sent out smoke and flames?" This popular fancy has been exploded by scientists, whose work is to explode popular fancies.

In the first place, volcanoes are not necessarily mountains. In reality they are just the reverse—that is, holes in the earth's crust. Out of these are thrown the materials which, accumulating, form the heaps which we popularly call mountains.

These are, then, the result and not the cause of the action. Neither are they "burning," as we understand the term. There is no combustion nor any action we might reasonably call "burning."

The action need not necessarily take place at the summit, for eruptions are just as frequent at the sides or even at the base. The so called "smoke" is nothing more or less than the clouds of condensing steam which are formed on every occasion when an eruption occurs.

Lastly, the "flames," so called, are merely the reflection of the mass of molten rock and material inside the crater on the clouds of steam above, thus appearing as a glowing light. The friction, too, set up by the motion of the materials causes electricity, and hence the lightning discharges which add to the illuminating effect.—Pearson's Magazine.

## VOTED WITHOUT BALLOTS.

An Election Day at Charlottesville, Va., in 1804.

At Charlottesville, Va., the seat of Albemarle county, according to Miss Mary Johnston's chronicle of "Lewis Rand," they were voting for a member of the house of delegates. It was the fourth Wednesday in April. The year was 1804.

"Under the locust trees to the right of the open gate were placed long tables and on them three mighty punch bowls, flanked by drinking cups and guarded by house servants of venerable appearance and stately manners. Here good Federalists refreshed themselves. To the left of the gate, upon the trampled grass beneath a mulberry, appeared other punch bowls and in addition a barrel of whiskey ready broached for all good Democrat-Republicans. The sunny street was filled with horses, vehicles and servants; the broad path between the trees, the turf on either hand and the courthouse steps were crowded with riotous voters. All ranks of society, all ages, occupations and opinions, met in the genial weather beneath the trees, where sang every bird of spring."

Within the courthouse the sheriff presided. Conspicuous sat the two candidates. There were no ballots, but each voter made known his choice by living voice:

"I vote, sir," cried the colonel, "for Mr. Ludwell Cary, for a gentleman and a patriot, sir, and may the old county never be represented but by such!"

## The Money Germ.

The Baltimore Sun comes out with a warning that probably few will heed. It says, "Don't let the money germs bite you," and adds that a man who has taken the trouble to count 'em says that 124,000 bacteria roost comfortably on each one dollar bill after the currency has been circulating freely for a year or so. So if you have \$50 in your pocket you are probably carrying around about 6,200,000 germs. "Yet," says the Sun, "there are men brave enough to face this terrible risk just for the sake of having a roll of greenbacks. It simply shows what dangers man will undergo for money. Most of us, however, are not in serious danger."

## Garibaldi's Simplicity of Character.

An instance of Garibaldi's modesty and simplicity of character is afforded by the following letter, written to his wife at Capraia the day after the battle of Digion:

Dear Francesca—Yesterday the Italian volunteers fought the whole day against the Prussians, the best soldiers in the world, and won. The weather here is very cold, and it is snowing. I dare say it will be the same in the Mediterranean. Take care of the cows and see that the calves do not suffer from the cold. Tell Pietro to sow the beans at the Toile and tell the children, Clelia and Manlio, that when I passed Marseilles I saw some beautiful toys, which on my return I shall get for them.

## Ingenious Ponies.

A rather curious habit has been developed by Mexican ponies in connection with the cactus thorns. When these creatures are thirsty it is said that before attempting to put their mouths to the prickly plant they will first of all stand and kick at the cactus with their heels. By this means the thorns are broken and the leathery skin bruised, and so the ponies can drink their fill of the cool juice without injury.—Strand Magazine.

## They Were Not Encouraged.

"I don't see why that young man doesn't propose."

"I think, pa, that the chances of his doing it would be fully as good if you wouldn't leave your boxing gloves around where he can see them."—Bohemian Magazine.

Of course everybody likes and respects self made men. It is a great deal better to be made in that way than not to be made at all.—O. W. Holmes.

# CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

## What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

## GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

*Chas. H. Fletcher*

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

DAVID SMITH

WALTER A. WILSON

# Smith & Wilson

## Association Prizing House,

Twenty-First St., American Snuff Co., Building.

All Modern Equipments, Hydraulic Presses, Steam Heated, Rooms Equipped Especially for Re-ordering and Re-drying. Good Sheds over Receiving Doors. This House is the LARGEST AND BEST EQUIPPED HOUSE IN THIS SECTION FOR HANDLING TOBACCO.

Advances Made on Tobacco in Factory.

We Solicit Your Business.

# The Christian County Loose Tobacco Market

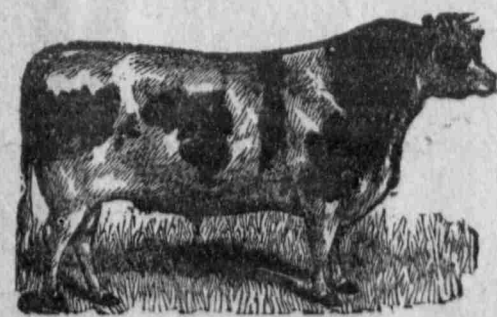
Will have its first Auction Sale of Loose Tobacco on WEDNESDAY, JAN. 6th, 1909, and every Wednesday thereafter throughout the season.

We have secured the large iron-clad warehouse on Elm street, where we are prepared to receive all kinds of tobacco, either stripped or on the stalk, and will sell same for you privately or at public auction for the highest market prices.

Our house is open for receiving tobacco every day in the week. Will receive tobacco hand-packed in hagsheads and sell it on loose floor at highest market prices.

J. P. THOMPSON & CO., Managers.

Hopkinsville, Ky., Dec. 23, 1908.



# New Addition

## The Best Home Butchered Meats of

All Kinds.

QUALITY, Our M

B. B. P.

PHONES: Cuml

## Professional CARDS

### Feirstein & Smith,

DENTISTS.

Office in Summers Building,

Next to Court House,

Hopkinsville, - - Kentucky

BOTH 'PHONES.

### Dr. R. F. McDaniel,

Practice Limited to Disease of

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.

Office in Summers Building Near Court House.

PHONES: Cuml. Home. Office Hours  
Office.....915.....1210 8 to 12 a. m.  
Residence.....210.....1140 2 to 5 p. m.

### Dr. G. P. Isbell,

Veterinary Physician & Surgeon

Layne's Stable.

Phone 530.

### Dr. H. C. Beazley

Specialist.

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat

Office hours: 9-12 a. m., 2-5 p. m.

Main street over Kress' Store,

Hopkinsville, Ky.

### C. H. TANDY.

DENTIST.

Office over First National Bank

HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

R. O. HESTER

J. B. ALLENSWORTH

### Hester & Allensworth,

Attorney-at-Law,

Both 'Phones. Hopkinsville, Ky.

Office: Hopper Bldg. Front Court House

### WALTER KNIGHT,

Attorney-at-Law.

HOPKINSVILLE,  
KENTUCKY.

COURT  
STREET

### Hotel Latham

Barber Shop,

FINE BATH ROOMS.

Everything New, Best of Service,  
Four First Class Artists.

FRANK BOYD, Propr.

## SURVEYING.

SEVEN YEARS' EXPERIENCE.  
ACCURACY GUARANTEED.

Meacham Contracting Co.  
(INCORPORATED.)

## Contentment.

"Contentment," said Uncle Eben, "may be better dan riches, but dar ain' no way of negotiatin' it at de landlord's office or de grocery sto'."



**Horses and Mules Wanted.**  
We will be at C. H. Layne's stable Saturday, Jan. 2, 1909, for the purpose of buying good fat mules and horses, all ages.